

# SUPER- MYSTERY

FULL 52 PAGES  
SEPT

COM

LET'S SEE YOU  
GET OUT OF  
**THIS**, MACK  
MARTIN!!

10¢

THE  
UNKNOWN'S  
LATEST THRILLER  
"DESERT GOLD"  
ALSO

**MACK MARTIN**  
IN

"THE RIDDLE OF  
THE ROWBOAT"  
PLUS

**BERT AND SUE**

**HURRY-UP  
HARRIGAN  
AND  
MR. RISK**







WEB COMIC  
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# YOUR LUCKY 7

HEY! SAVE A COPY OF **COWBOY AND SUPER-MYSTERY** FOR ME!

HEY! I WANT **HAP HAZARD!**

WE WANT **MONKEYSHINES!**

I JUST LOVE THAT **HAP!**

M-M-M-AND HOW ABOUT **DOTTY?**

-AND I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL THAT NEW **BOOK VICKY** IS OUT!

BUY ONE OF EACH, KIDS! THEY'RE ALL TERRIFIC!

**COMICS & CANDY**



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# The UNKNOWN

GOLD!  
IT'S MINE!  
ALL MINE!

IN  
DESERT  
GOLD

SID  
GREEBE

OUR  
STORY BEGINS  
IN THE CROSSROADS  
TOWN OF **DESERT  
JUNCTION.**

WELL, SANDERS, TO-  
MORROW MORNIN' WE  
HEADS IN DIFFERENT  
DIRECTIONS. IT WAS  
MIGHTY KIND OF YOU  
TO DROP ME AT  
DESERT JUNCTION.

IF I'M NOT TOO  
CURIOUS, WHAT'RE  
YOU AIMIN' TO  
FIND IN THE MID-  
DL E OF THE  
BLAZIN' DESERT?

FRIENDS,  
HERE'S A STORY  
ABOUT GOLD-HUNGRY MEN IN  
SEARCH OF ANOTHER MAN'S  
HIDDEN TREASURE! EVERY-  
THING CAN HAPPEN IN A  
SITUATION LIKE THAT, AND  
AS YOU SHALL SOON SEE...  
EVERYTHING **DOES!**





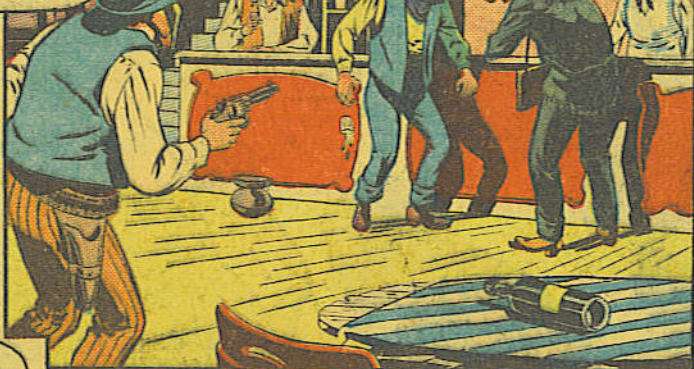
WATCH YOUR TONGUE, RANDALL.

THAT'S **BULL**  
**DAWSON** BEHIND  
YOU. I WOULDN'T  
TALK MUCH  
WITH HIM  
AROUND.

I'M GONNA LET YOU  
IN ON A SECRET, SANDERS.  
I BEEN PROSPECTIN' GOLD  
FOR A LONG TIME AND GOT  
A HEAP OF IT HID IN THE MIDDLE  
OF THE DESERT. AND NOW I'M  
GOIN' THAR TO BRING IT BACK.

**S**UDDENLY...

GET YORE HANDS  
UP, MEN! THIS SHOOTIN-  
IRON MAKES A MIGHTY  
BIG HOLE!



RECKON I'LL  
START WITH YOU,  
OL' MAN! WHAT'S  
IN THAT MAP  
CASE?

**NO! NOT  
THE MAP  
CASE!**

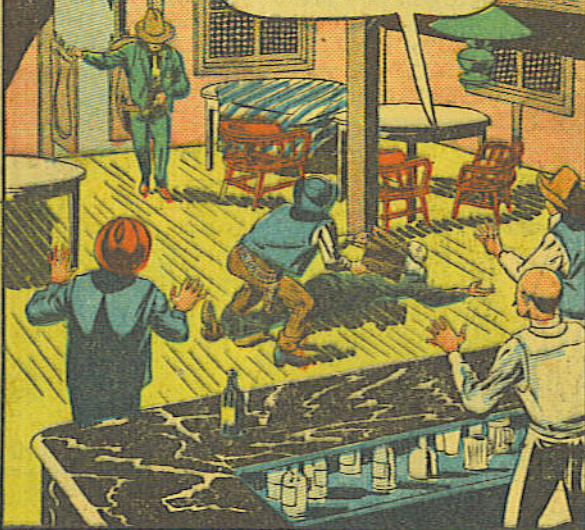


THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN'  
IMPORTANT INSIDE IF YOU  
WANT IT SO BAD!



SAY! WHAT'S  
GOIN' ON IN  
HERE?

REACH FOR YORE GUN,  
SHERIFF, AFORE THIS  
VARMINT DROPS YA! IT'S  
A **HOLD-UP!**



THERE HE  
GOES,  
SHERIFF!

HALT, YOU POLE-  
CAT...OR I'LL  
**SHOOT!**

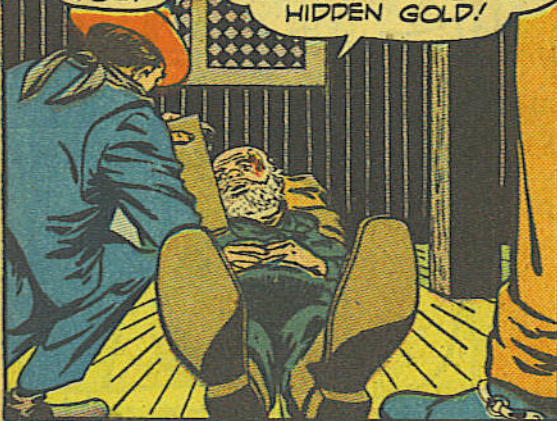




EASY GUS, THE SHERIFF CAUGHT THAT CARRION-EATIN' COYOTE WHO SLUGGED YOU!

I RECKON... I'M A GONER, SANDERS. I'M ASKIN A LAST FAVOR... DELIVER THAT MAP CASE TO MY BROTHER CARLYLE, IN CENTER GULCH... IT'S THE MAP TO THE HIDDEN GOLD!

YOU KIN COUNT ON ME, FARMER. I'LL MAKE CENTER GULCH MY FIRST STOP TOMORROW MORNIN'! NOW JES' TAKE IT EASY... THE DOC'LL BE HERE IN A JIFFY!



IT DIDN'T TAKE BULL DAWSON LONG TO ROUND UP HIS PALS. GOLD IS A MAGIC WORD... ESPECIALLY TO MEN LIKE BULL.

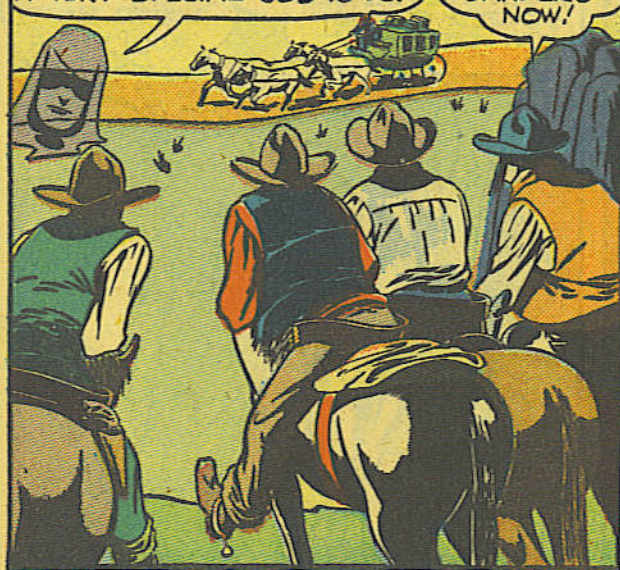


RANDALL'S DEAD! HIS SKULL WAS CRACKED FROM EAR TO EAR. SANDERS'LL BE LEAVING TOWN WITH THE MAP CASE FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN'! WE GOTTA WORK FAST!



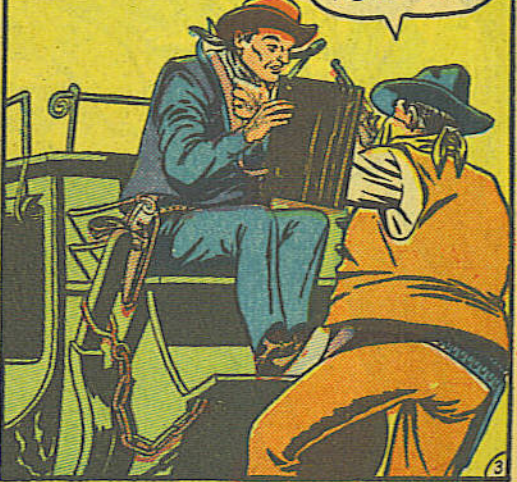
DAWSON AND HIS CRONIES GOT UP BRIGHT AND EARLY NEXT MORNING. YOU SEE THEY HAVE A VERY SPECIAL JOB TO DO.

JUST AS I RECKONED! HERE COMES SANDERS NOW!



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'M CARRYIN' U.S. MAIL IN THIS HERE STAGE COACH!

SHUT YORE TRAP AN' HAND OVER THAT MAP CASE! YOU MENTION ONE WORD OF THIS IN TOWN AN' YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO HEAR YORE ECHO! NOW - GIT!





THAT'S IT! THE MAP TO  
RANDALL'S **SECRET CAVE!**  
WE'RE RICH, MEN, D'YA HEAR  
ME... WE'RE **RICH!**

WHAT'RE WE WAITIN'  
FOR? LET'S HEAD FOR  
THE CAVE!

I WOULDN'T COUNT THAT  
GOLD TOO SOON, DAWSON!  
RANDALL'S CAVE IS A LONG  
WAY OFF, AND WHO KNOWS  
WHAT EVIL FATE MIGHT BEFALL  
A MAN ACROSS THE TRACK-  
LESS DESERT!

**T**HAT EVENING...

I'M ALL DONE IN!  
LET'S GET SOME  
SHUTEYE.

YEAH, I'M READY TO DROP  
MYSELF! WITH A GOOD NIGHT'S  
REST, WE OUGHTA REACH THE  
CAVE SOMETIME  
TOMORROW!

NOW, ISN'T THAT A  
PEACEFUL SCENE?  
ALMOST TOO PEACEFUL  
... LIKE THE CALM BE  
FORE THE STORM,  
ONE MIGHT SAY!

**T**HEN...

THE HORSES ARE RUNNIN'  
AWAY! THEY'VE BEEN  
SCARED BY THE  
HEAT LIGHTNIN'!

THEY'RE  
CARRYIN' THE  
WATER BAGS!  
WHAT'LL WE  
DO?



**THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...**

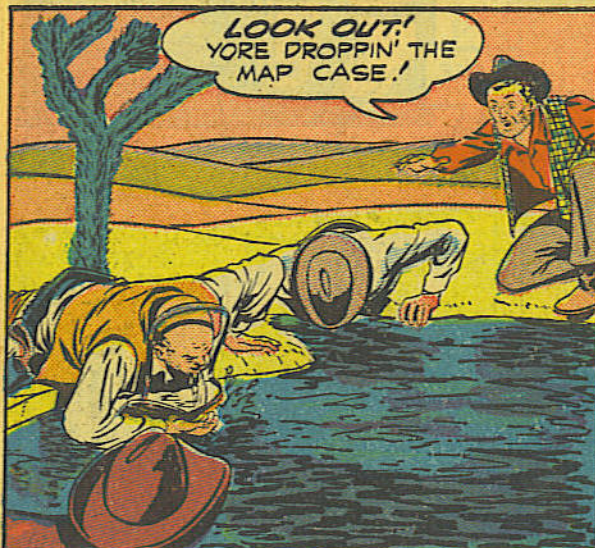
WHY DID WE HAFTA LOSE THOSE HOSSES? WALKIN'! WALKIN'! AIN'T WE EVER GONNA REST? I JUST GOTTA HAVE WATER...I GOTTA!

STOP YORE BELLYACHIN', DAWSON! ACCORDIN' TO RANDALL'S MAP WE SHOULD'VE REACHED THE WELL BY THIS TIME!

THE WATER HOLE! THERE!



LOOK OUT! YORE DROPPIN' THE MAP CASE!



DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, DAWSON. THE MAP CASE ISN'T LOST YET! AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOUR PARTNERS HAVE JUST FIGURED OUT A WAY TO GET IT BACK!



DAWSON, WE TALKED IT OVER AND YOU BEEN ELECTED TO DIVE IN AFTER THAT CASE!

H-H-HAVE A HEART, BACKUS! I KIN HARDLY SWIM! D'YA WANT ME TO DROWN?



CONGRATULATIONS, DAWSON! THANKS TO YOUR EXPERT DIVING, THE MAP IS SAFE... BUT ARE YOU?

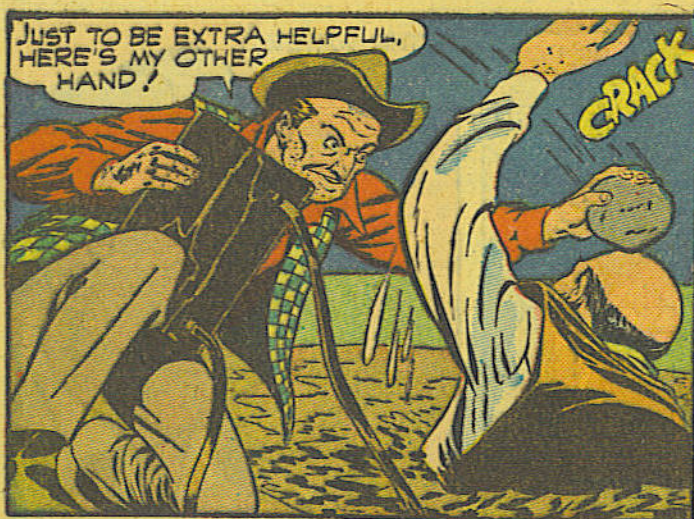
SURE, DAWSON, HERE'S MY HAND!

I GOT IT! I GOT THE MAP CASE! GIMME YORE HAND, BACKUS!

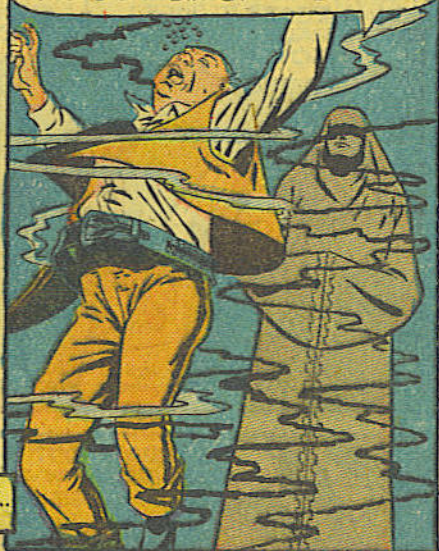




JUST TO BE EXTRA HELPFUL,  
HERE'S MY OTHER  
HAND!



TOO BAD, DAWSON! BUT  
THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION...  
YOU'LL NEVER GET THIRSTY AT  
THE BOTTOM OF THIS POND!



**THE NEXT MORNING...**

WE BETTER GET GON!  
WE GOT A LONG TREK  
AHEAD UV US!

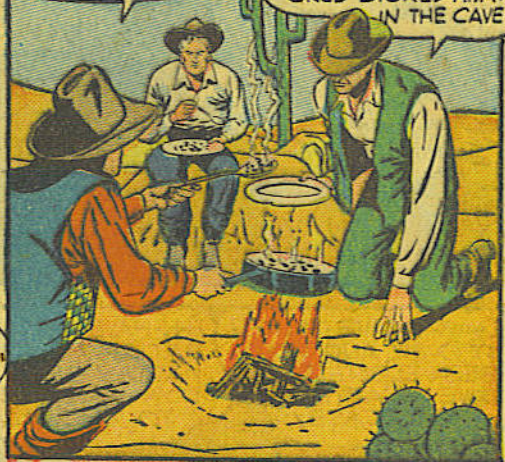
NOW WE'LL ONLY  
HAVE TO SPLIT  
THAT GOLD  
**THREE WAYS!**

**LATER...**



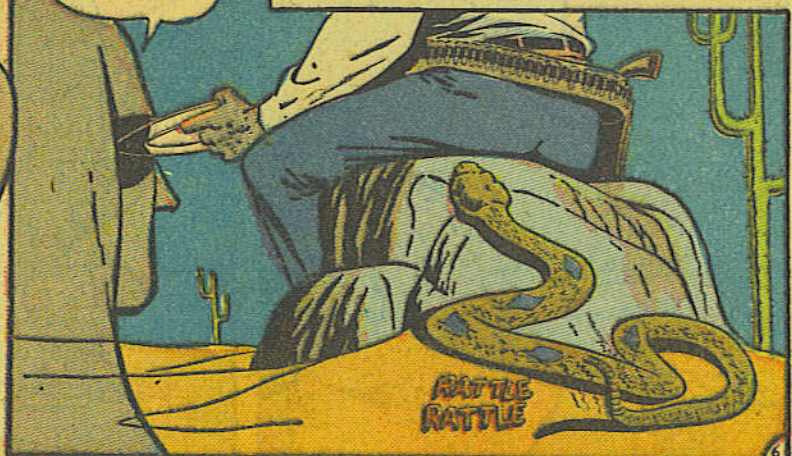
YOU GUYS BETTER  
GO EASY ON THE  
CHOW, THERE AIN'T  
MUCH LEFT.

SO WHAT? DIDN'T  
RANDALL WRITE  
ON THE MAP THAT  
HE HAD A HEAP O'  
GRUB STORED AWAY  
IN THE CAVE?

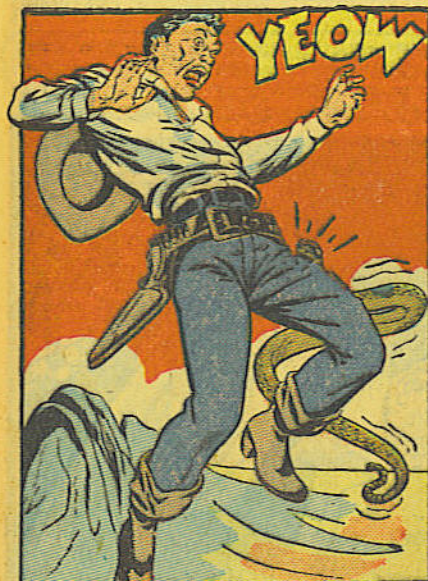


ANYHOW, NOW WE GOT DAWSON'S  
SHARE OF THE VITTLES TO  
COUNT ON. HA-HA! EVERY  
TIME I THINK OF THAT  
CHUMP I HAFTA **LAUGH!**  
HAW! HAW! HAW!

LAUGH, HARPER,  
IT WAS VERY FUNNY,  
WASN'T IT? BUT  
**THIS** MIGHT BE  
YOUR **LAST**  
**LAUGH!**

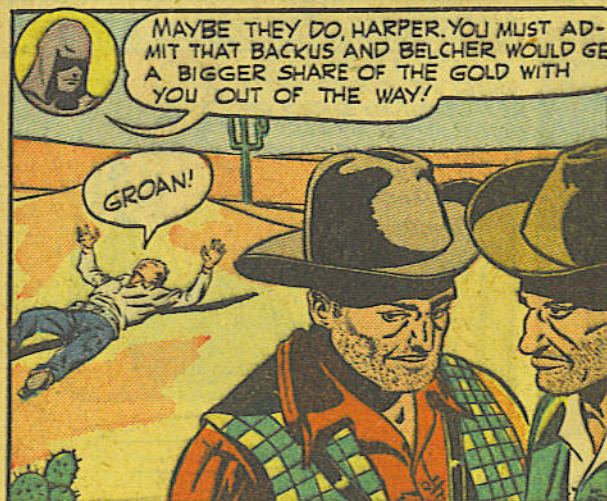
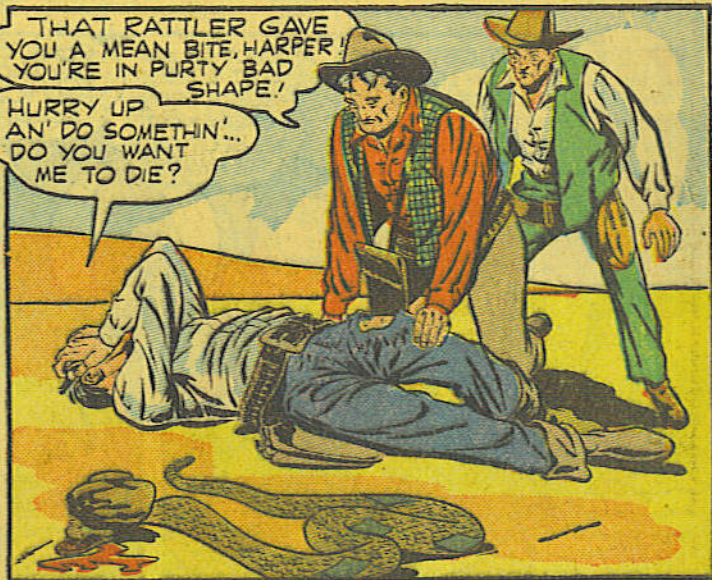






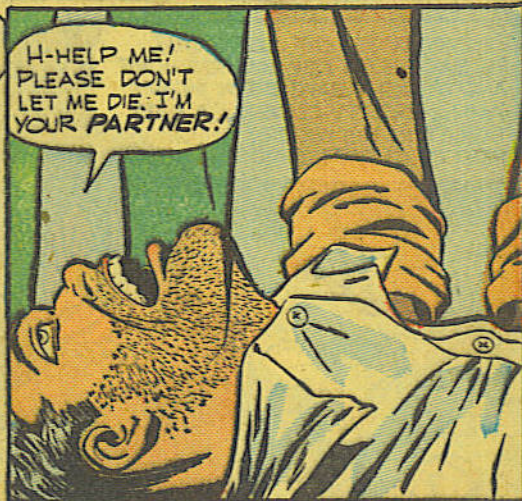
THAT RATTLER GAVE YOU A MEAN BITE, HARPER! YOU'RE IN PURTY BAD SHAPE!

HURRY UP AN' DO SOMETHIN'... DO YOU WANT ME TO DIE?



MAYBE THEY DO, HARPER. YOU MUST ADMIT THAT BACKUS AND BELCHER WOULD GET A BIGGER SHARE OF THE GOLD WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY!

GROAN!

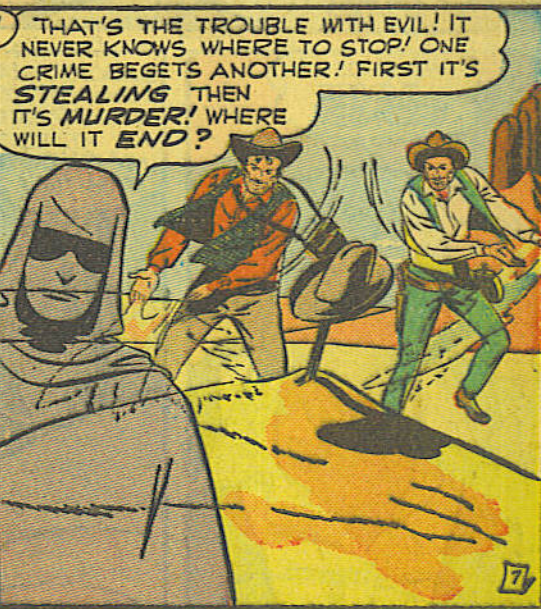


H-HELP ME! PLEASE DON'T LET ME DIE. I'M YOUR PARTNER!



YOU AIN'T GONNA BE OUR PARDNER LONG, HARPER! SURE, WE COULD SAVE YA BY SUCKIN' OUT THE POISON! BUT SOMEHOW, BELCHER AN' ME AIN'T VERY THIRSTY!

SEND US YORE ADDRESS, HARPER. MEBBE WE'LL MAIL YA THE GOLD! HA! HA!



THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH EVIL! IT NEVER KNOWS WHERE TO STOP! ONE CRIME BEGETS ANOTHER! FIRST IT'S STEALING THEN IT'S MURDER! WHERE WILL IT END?



**THAT**  
NIGHT...

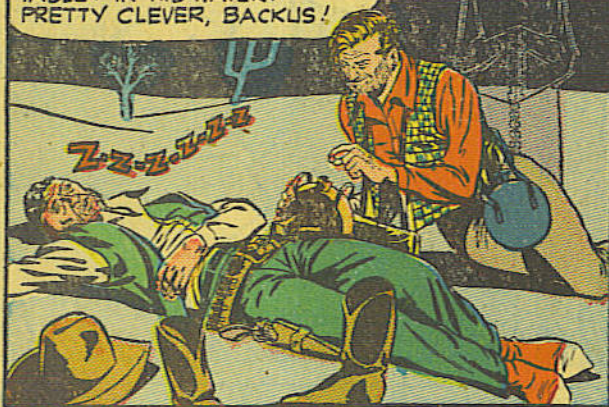
I CAN'T GET OVER THE LOONY LOOK ON HARPER'S FACE WHEN HE SAW WE WJZ GONNA LET HIM CROAK! MAYBE WE SHOULD'VE ...

SHUT UP AND GET SOME SLEEP, BELCHER! NOW WE SPLIT ONLY TWO WAYS!

COME, COME, GENTLEMEN! TOMORROW'S A BIG DAY AND YOU'D BETTER TRY TO SLEEP. YOU'VE HAD YOUR EYES OPEN FOR **SIX** HOURS! DON'T YOU **TRUST** EACH OTHER?

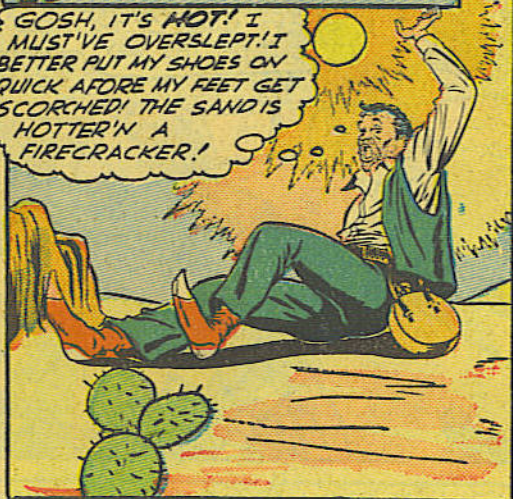


BELCHER DOZED OFF JUST IN TIME, EH, BACKUS? A FEW MINUTES MORE AND IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN **YOU!** AHH... PRETTY CLEVER... A SALT TABLET IN HIS WATER! PRETTY CLEVER, BACKUS!



**NOON... THE FOLLOWING DAY...**

GOSH, IT'S HOT! I MUST'VE OVERSLEPT! I BETTER PUT MY SHOES ON QUICK AFOR MY FEET GET SCORCHED! THE SAND IS HOTTER'N A FIRECRACKER!



MY SHOES!  
THEY'RE  
**GONE!**



BACKUS! THAT DIRTY, CONNIVIN' CROOK! WALKED OUT ON ME! AN' HE TOOK MY **SHOES** WITH 'IM!



LUCKY THE CANTEEN IS FASTENED TO MY BELT OR HE WOULD'VE STOLE THE WATER, TOO!

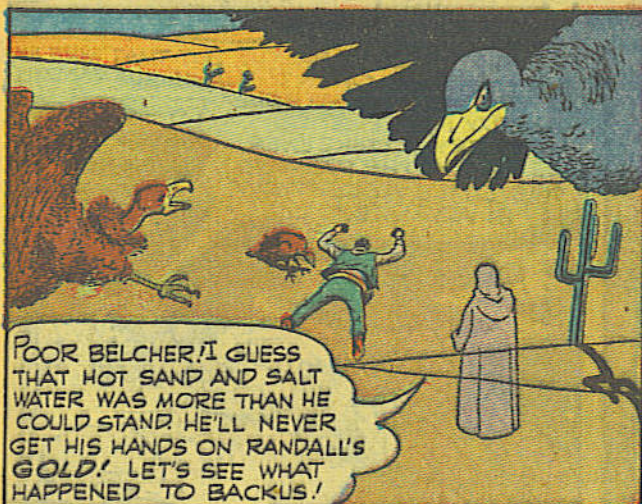




HE'S SO THIRSTY HE DOESN'T NOTICE THE WATER IS SALTY! TOO BAD! SOON HIS PARCHED TONGUE WILL START TO SWELL AND BURN FROM THE SALT! THEN IT WILL GROW BIGGER AND BIGGER UNTIL...



M-MY TONGUE...  
GASPE  
I CAN'T BREATHE!  
GASPE I'M  
CHOKING!  
KAFF, KAFF!



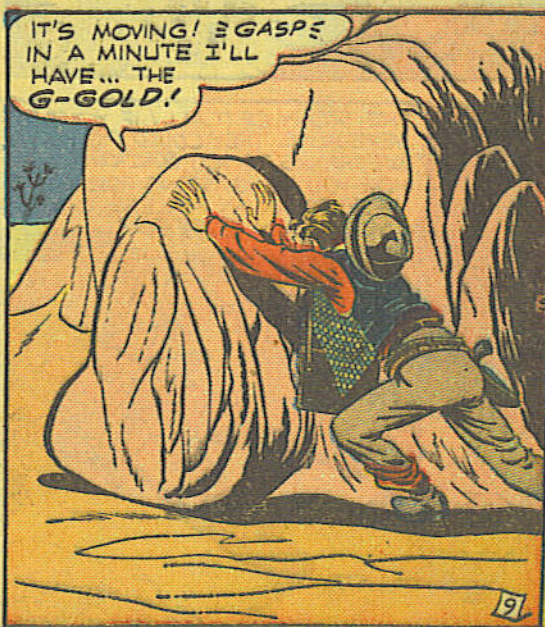
POOR BELCHER, I GUESS THAT HOT SAND AND SALT WATER WAS MORE THAN HE COULD STAND. HE'LL NEVER GET HIS HANDS ON RANDALL'S GOLD! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO BACKUS!



I... CAN'T... QUIT... NOW!  
PANT, PANT I...  
GOTTA... MAKE IT!

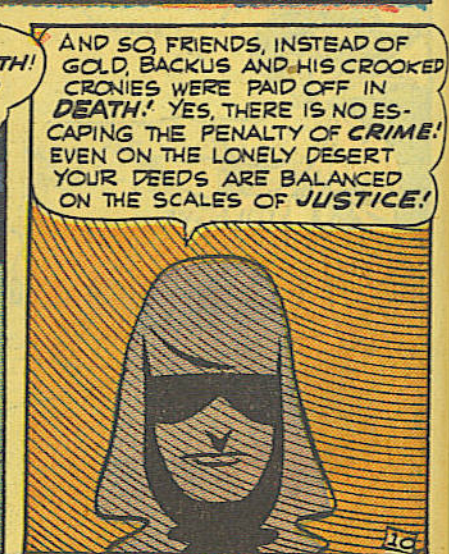
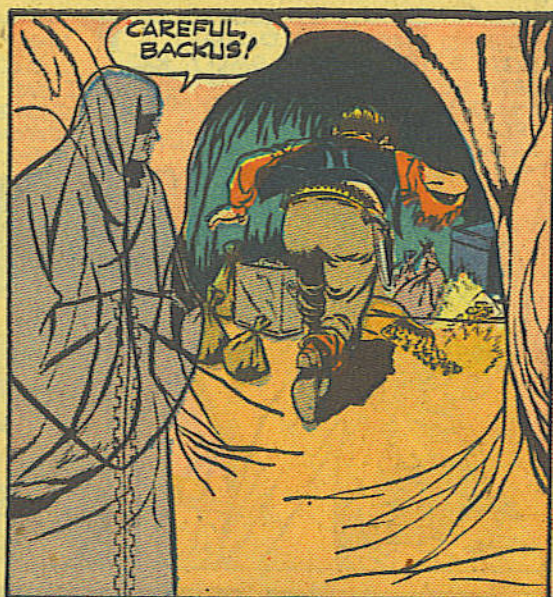


THE CAVE!  
RANDALL'S  
CAVE!



IT'S MOVING! GASPE  
IN A MINUTE I'LL  
HAVE... THE  
G-GOLD!





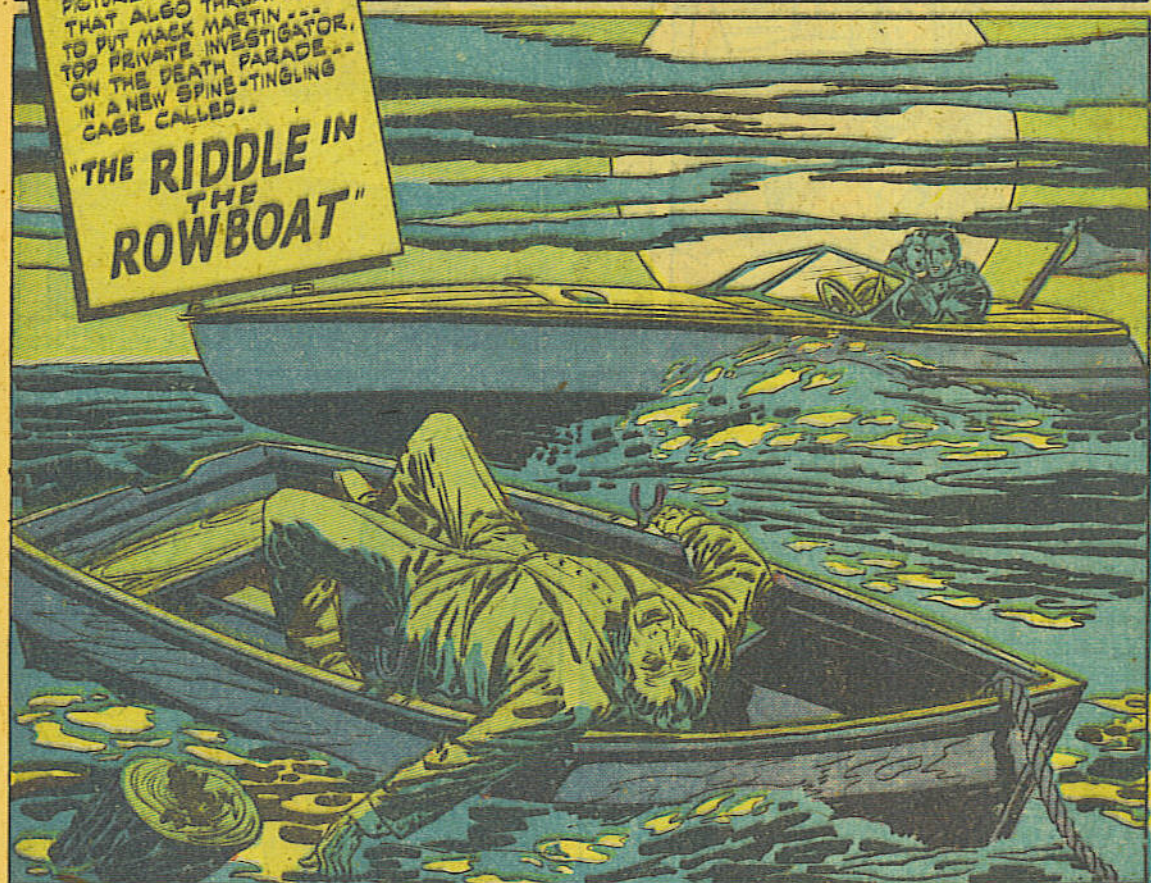


# MAC K MARTIN

## PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

A MAN WAS FLOATING  
IN A ROWBOAT  
AND MAC K MARTIN WAS  
WAS FLOATING IN A GIRLS  
ARMS WHEN MURDER  
BROKE UP THE PRETTY  
PICTURE ... A MURDER  
THAT ALSO THREATENED  
TO PUT MAC K MARTIN ...  
TOP PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR ...  
ON THE DEATH PARADE ...  
IN A NEW SPINE-TINGLING  
CASE CALLED...

**"THE RIDDLE IN  
THE  
ROWBOAT"**



WELL... THIS IS THE  
FIRST TIME YOU EVER  
TURNED DOWN ONE  
OF MY KISSES!  
I MUST BE  
SLIPPING!

SORRY, GORGEOUS...  
BUT I'M ALLERGIC  
TO... DEATH!

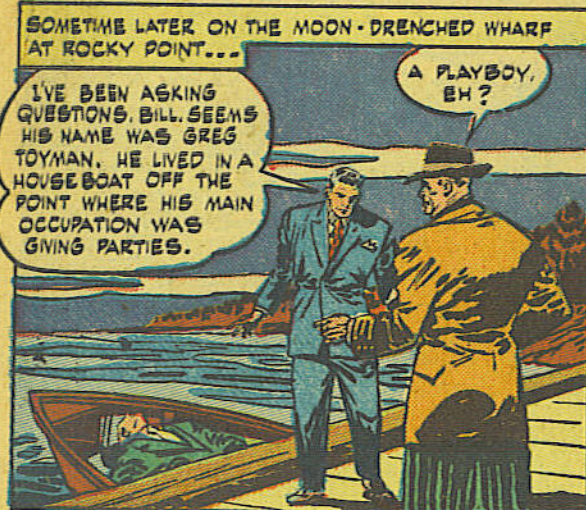


AND THAT BABY  
IS AS DEAD AS LAST  
YEARS HEADLINES!

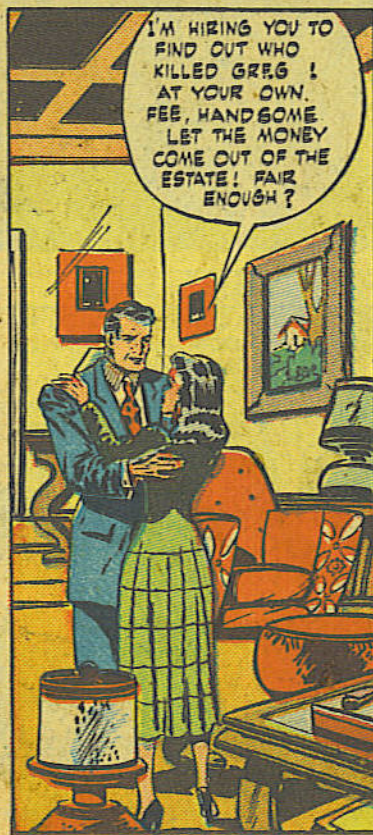
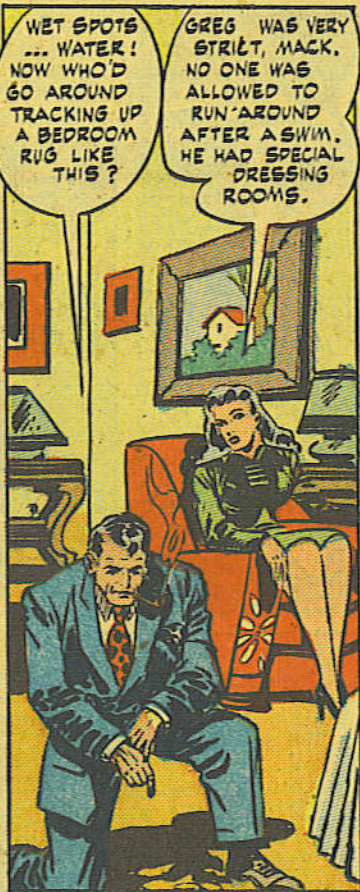
OHhhh!











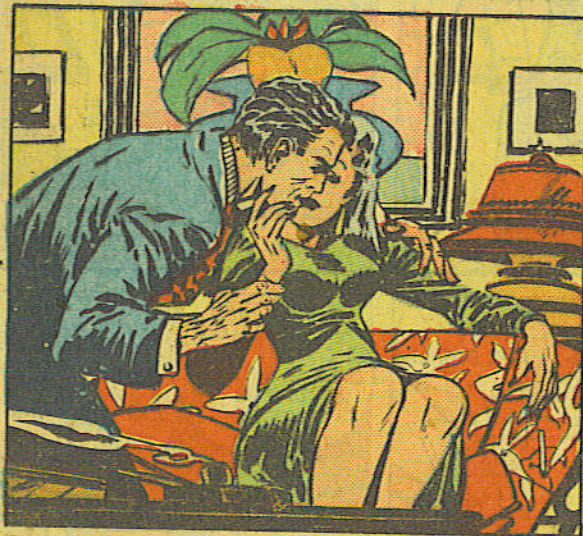
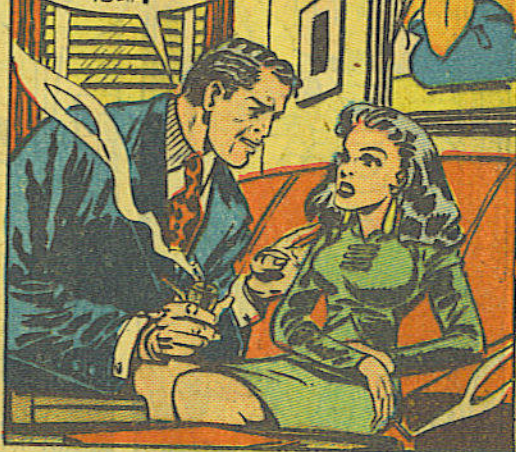


ER...YES...SOMETHING DID!  
HE HAD TWO BITTER QUARRELS,  
ONE WITH TED SLOAN, HIS PARTNER,  
WHO ACCUSED HIM OF ER...CHEATING  
IN BUSINESS. THE OTHER ALTERCATION  
WAS WITH TIM MOORE...OVER  
MISS BETTY ISLIP.



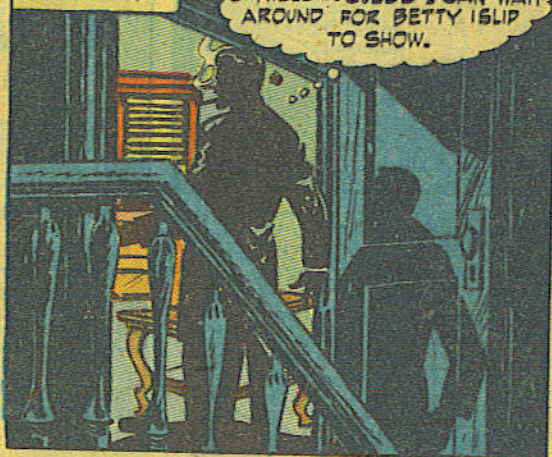
IF YOU MEANT THAT  
PATTER ABOUT HIRING  
ME, BABY... I REALLY  
OUGHT TO FOLLOW UP  
A HUNCH I HAVE...  
BY VISITING MISS  
ISLIP.

I MEANT IT, MACK,  
AND TO PROVE  
IT...



LATER, AT  
BETTY ISLIP'S  
APARTMENT...

HMM! NOBODY ANSWERED.  
DOORS NOT LOCKED EITHER.  
OH, WELL... GUESS I CAN WAIT  
AROUND FOR BETTY ISLIP  
TO SHOW.



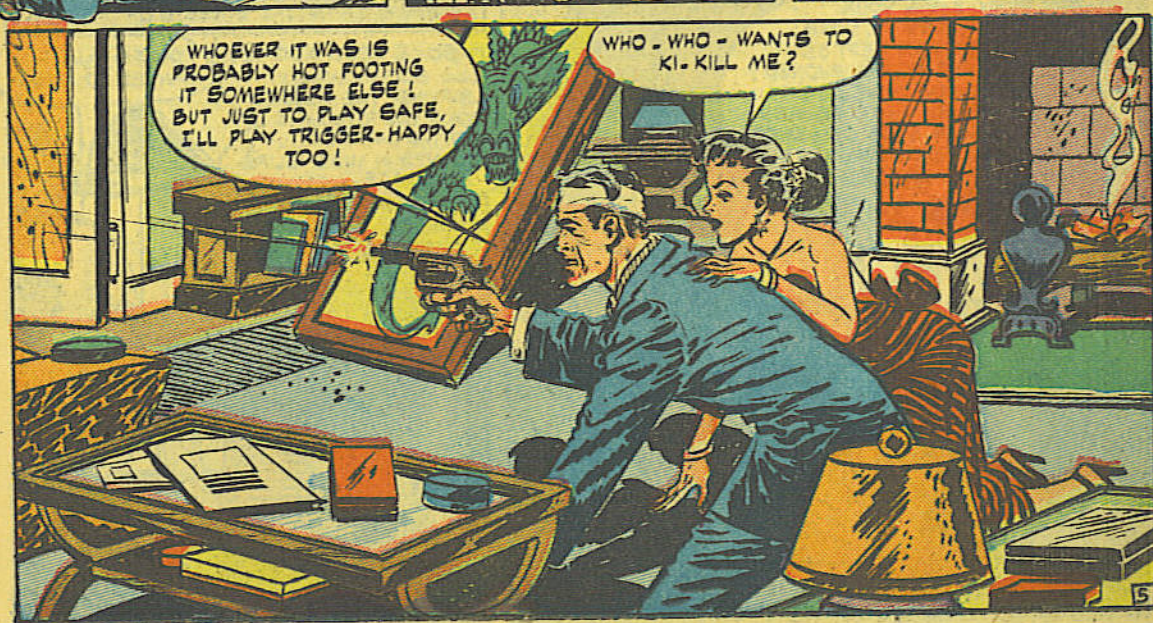
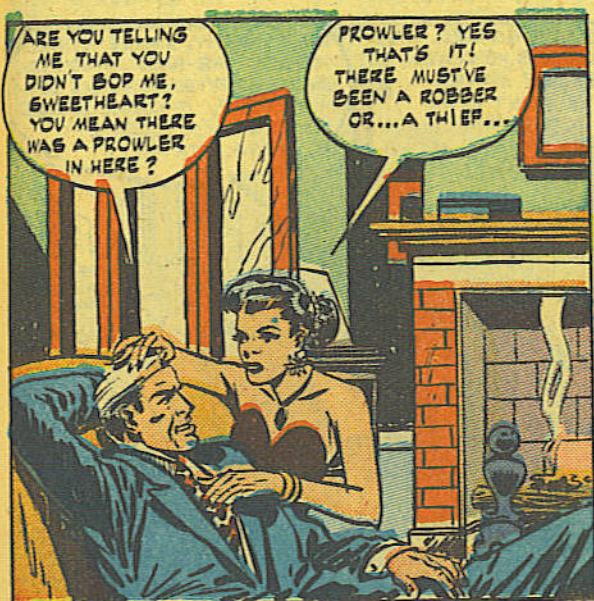
AS MACK MARTIN OPENS PAIN-GLAZED EYES....

WHEW - SO  
THIS IS  
HEAVEN...AND  
YOU'RE ONE OF  
THE ANGELS,  
EH?

NO, I FOUND YOU ON THE  
FLOOR. HURT! NOW LIE  
STILL! THIS COLD  
CLOTH WILL HELP. I ER...  
JUST GOT HOME... MRS.  
TOYMAN WANTED ME TO  
STAY AT HER PLACE,  
BUT SHE WAS CALLED  
AWAY.





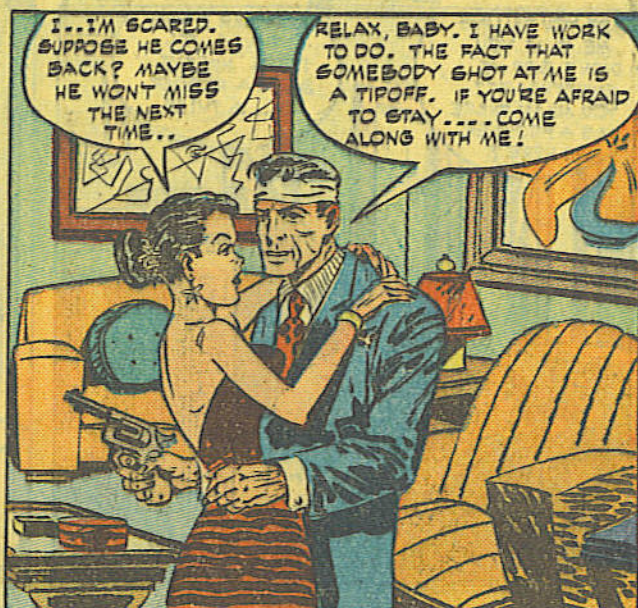






DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF, SISTER. THAT SHOT WAS FOR ME! FROM THE DOORWAY THE WOULD-BE KILLER COULDN'T SEE YOU. YOU WERE HIDDEN BY THE SCREEN...

OH!!



I...I'M SCARED. SUPPOSE HE COMES BACK? MAYBE HE WON'T MISS THE NEXT TIME...

RELAX, BABY. I HAVE WORK TO DO. THE FACT THAT SOMEBODY SHOT AT ME IS A TIPOFF. IF YOU'RE AFRAID TO STAY... COME ALONG WITH ME!

AN HOUR LATER, IN MACK MARTIN'S LABORATORY...

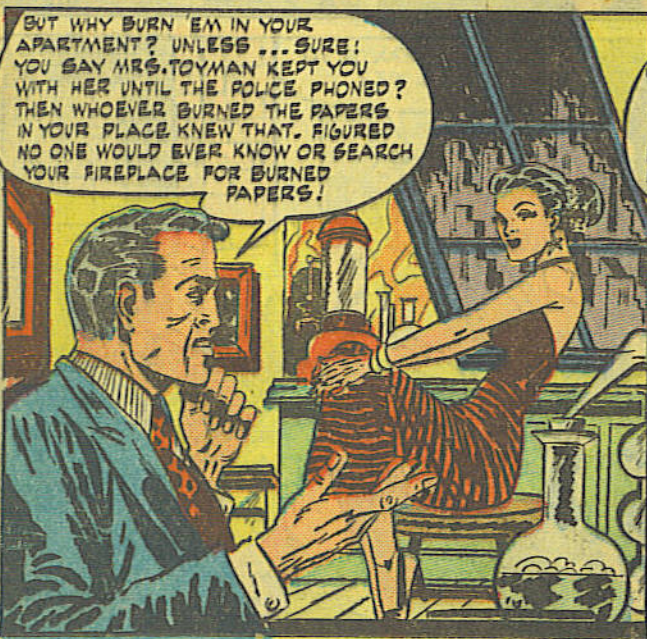


AFTER WETTING THESE CHARRED PAPERS WITH FIXATIVE, WE'LL GLUE THESE GLASS PLATES INTO A PRINTING FRAME. THEN WE'LL GET A PICTURE OF THE PAPER IN BLACK AND WHITE...



IT'S A LEDGER SHEET!

OH!! IT'S TED SLOAN'S HAND-WRITING! GREG THOUGHT HE WAS CHEATING THE FIRM. IT LOOKS AS IF SLOAN IS THE GUILTY PARTY!

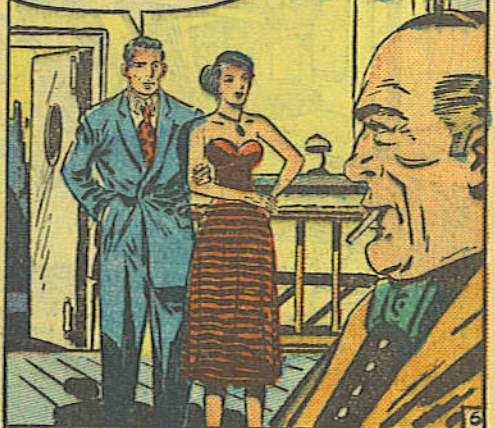


BUT WHY BURN 'EM IN YOUR APARTMENT? UNLESS... SURE! YOU SAY MRS. TOYMAN KEPT YOU WITH HER UNTIL THE POLICE PHONED? THEN WHOEVER BURNED THE PAPERS IN YOUR PLACE KNEW THAT. FIGURED NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW OR SEARCH YOUR FIREPLACE FOR BURNED PAPERS!

AS DAWN TINTS THE STREETS OF THE CITY...

GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU, BILL. SLOAN WAS FALSIFYING THE RECORD BOOKS ON TOYMAN. I FOUND THE CHARRED REMNANTS IN MISS ISLIP'S FIREPLACE...

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



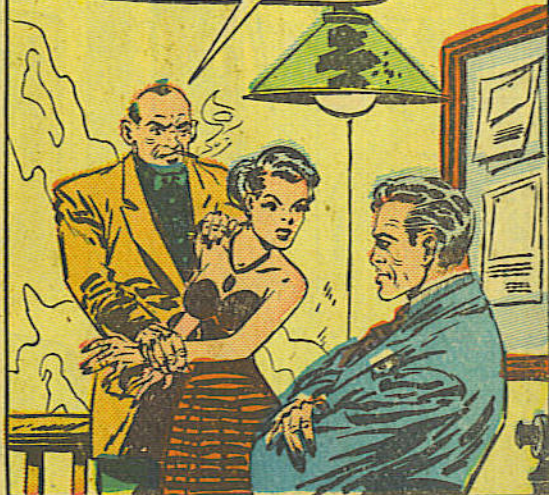


I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR TOYMAN'S MURDER, BABY. GOOD WORK, MACK. SHE'S THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE!

ARE YOU NUTS? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK BETTY DID IT?



SHE DIDN'T GET HOME UNTIL AFTER YOU CAME TO HER PLACE. PLENTY OF TIME AND OPPORTUNITY! THE FACT THAT PAPERS WERE BURNED AT HER PLACE SHOWS SHE WAS IN CAHOOTS WITH SLOAN. GOOD MOTIVE! SLOAN PROMISED HER A SHARE OF THE SWAG!



DON'T FORGET THE WET SHIRT! THAT PROVES A MAN DID THE KILLING! HE PROBABLY SWAM OUT TO THE HOUSEBOAT, SHOT TOYMAN... TRACKING A LOT OF WATER ALL OVER THE RUG. NO, BILL! HERE'S HOW I SEE IT!

HE TOOK THE FALSE ACCOUNT SHEETS THAT PROVED HIS GUILT, WHICH HE LATER BURNED. BUT MAYBE TOYMAN, NOT YET DEAD, MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN ON HIS SHIRT THE NAME OF THE KILLER. THERE WAS NO TIME TO GET A CLEAN SHIRT AND SUBSTITUTE IT. THE KILLER HAD TO DRAG TOYMAN INTO A ROWBOAT!



IN THE ROWBOAT, HE PUT HIS OWN SHIRT, STILL WET FROM HIS SWIM - ON TOYMAN... CAST THE BOAT ADRIFT... AND SWAM TO SHORE... WEARING THE DEAD MAN'S SHIRT...

IT FITS BECAUSE YOU MAKE IT FIT! BUT THE KILLER HAD TO HAVE AN ACCOMPLICE. I SAY IT WAS BETTY!

I HAVE AN IDEA. LET BETTY GO, AND I'LL TELL IT TO YOU. I NEVER GAVE YOU A BUM STEER YET, BILL!

HMMM... WELL... WE'LL TRY IT. I CAN ALWAYS PUT THE FINGER ON HER.





NEXT AFTERNOON....

THOUGHT I'D BETTER  
MAKE A REPORT TO  
YOU. WE'RE MAKING  
PROGRESS. BETTY GLUP  
IS DEFINITELY  
IMPLICATED...  
BUT WE HAVE TO GET  
PROOF.

OH? HOW  
WILL YOU DO  
THAT?

I WAS COUNTING ON YOU  
TO HELP ME. IF YOU THREW  
A PARTY AND I BROUGHT  
HER TO IT... I'VE AN IDEA  
THAT I CAN BREAK HER  
INTO A CONFESSION.

THAT NIGHT... AT THE "SURPRISE"  
PARTY....

WHAT-  
EVER,  
YOU SAY,  
MACK!

TIME FOR OUR  
LITTLE GAME,  
GWEN. I'M ALL  
SET FOR THE  
BARBER ROLE

SOUNDS  
LIKE A SILLY  
GAME, BUT...  
GO AHEAD,  
MACK!

YOU'RE  
FIRST,  
BABY!

TEE...  
HEE...

MR. SLOAN,  
JUST A SNIP...  
EASY! IT'S JUST  
FOR A NEW  
GAME!

HA! HA!  
GO RIGHT  
AHEAD,  
MACK!

DON'T YOU  
DARE SPOIL  
MY HAIRDO!

WELL, BETTY  
O'GIRL, HERE  
GOES...

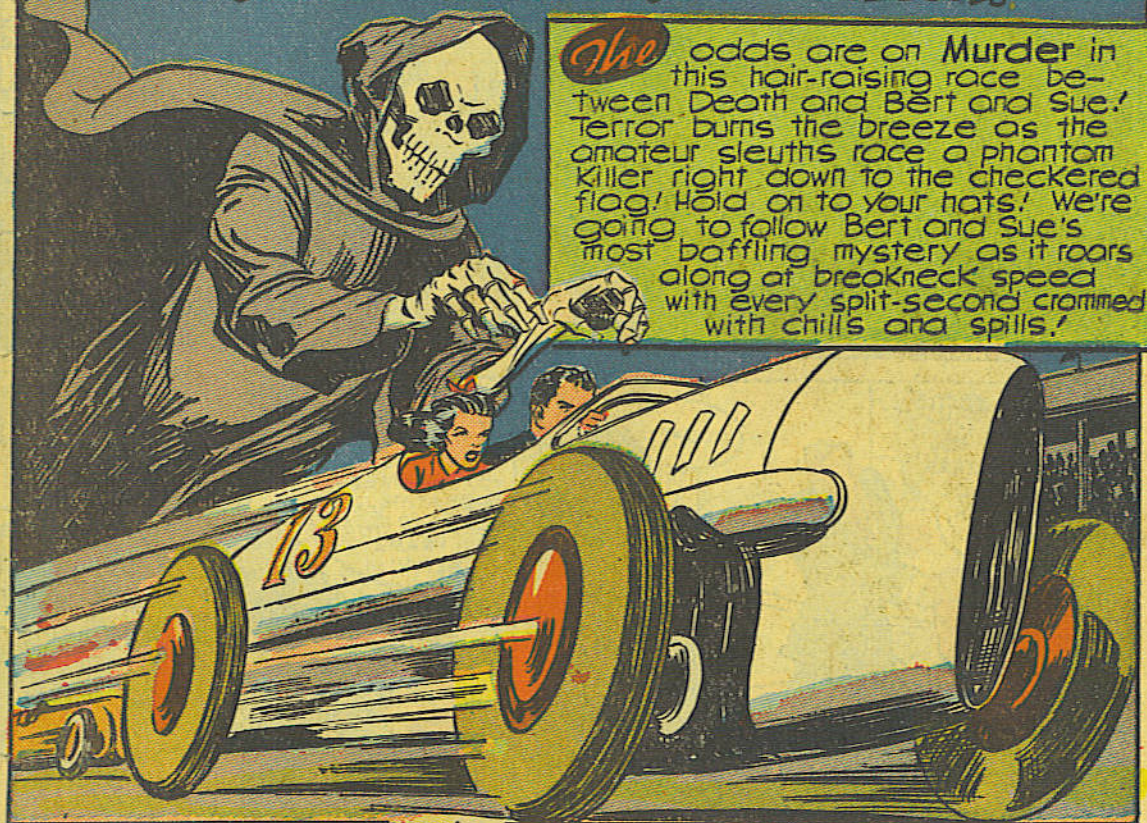






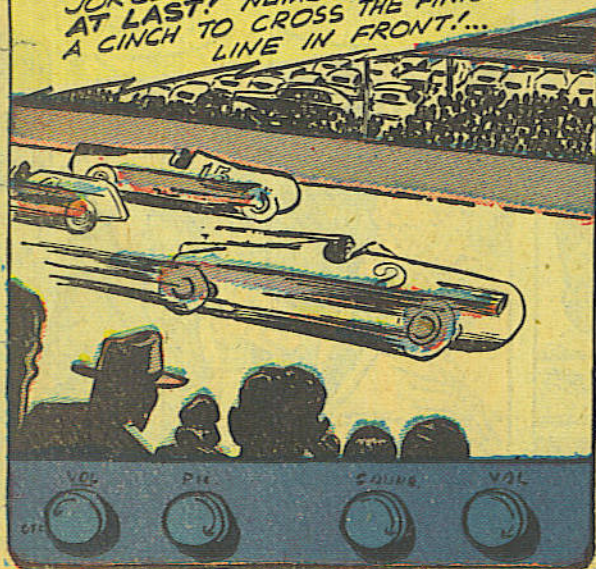
# BERT AND SUE

in "SATAN SCORCHES THE TRACK!"



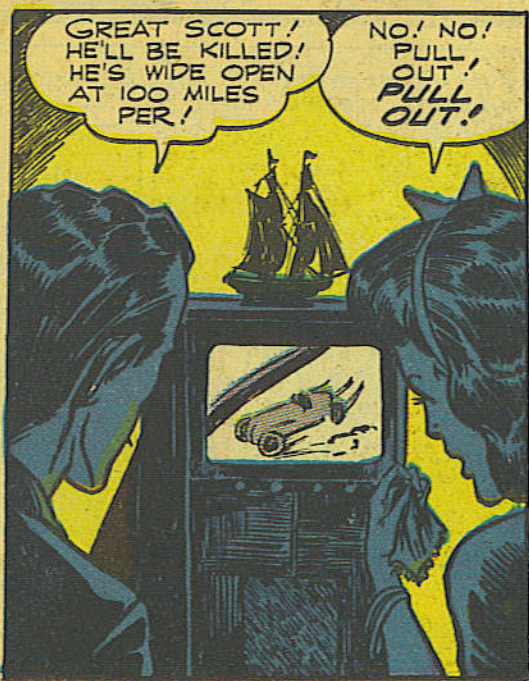
*The* odds are on Murder in this hair-raising race between Death and Bert and Sue! Terror burns the breeze as the amateur sleuths race a phantom killer right down to the checkered flag! Hold on to your hats! We're going to follow Bert and Sue's most baffling mystery as it roars along at breakneck speed with every split-second crammed with chills and spills!

HOLD YOUR BREATH, FOLKS!  
AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF  
RACING, IT LOOKS LIKE POP  
JORGENSEN HAS A WINNER  
AT LAST! NUMBER TWO IS  
A CINCH TO CROSS THE FINISH  
LINE IN FRONT!...



GREAT SCOTT!  
HE'LL BE KILLED!  
HE'S WIDE OPEN  
AT 100 MILES  
PER!

NO! NO!  
PULL  
OUT!  
PULL  
OUT!







AND THERE'S THE FIRST ACCIDENT IN THE FAMOUS SPEEDWAYS HANDICAP!

H-HOW AWFUL!



THAT POOR DRIVER HASN'T GOT A CHANCE! IT'S PART OF THE GAME, SUE!

SOBE...I KNOW... BUT TELEVISION ISN'T LIKE WATCHING A MOVIE. IT'S SO TERRIBLY REAL!



SHUT IT OFF, BERT. I THINK I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

JUST IMAGINE WHAT **POP JORGENS** HAS SEEN IN THIRTY YEARS OF RACING. POOR POP! I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM, TOO. HE HAD HIS FIRST WIN IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND AND THEN...



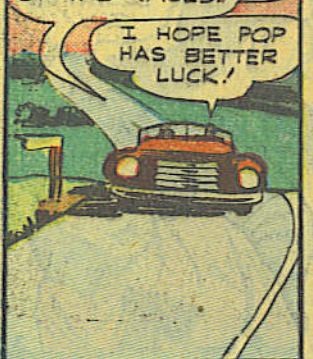
TELL YOU WHAT, SUSIE! LET'S GO OUT AND CHEER POP UP. I MET HIM YEARS AGO WHEN I SKETCHED SPORTS FOR THE SPORT PAGES!

OKAY, HONEY. I'M YOURS TO COMMAND!

LATER...ON THE HIGHWAY TO ZENOPOLIS...MECCA OF AMERICAN AUTO RACING...

POP'S REGISTERED AT THE ZENOPOLIS HOTEL. WE CAN PUT UP THERE, HONEY, AND TAKE IN THE REST OF THE RACES!

I HOPE POP HAS BETTER LUCK!



YOU HEARD ME - NO ACCIDENT - CAN STOP POP JORGENS! SMILEY ROGERS WILL HOOK HER IN HIGH FOR ME TOMORROW, RIGHT, SMILEY?



YOU BET, POP! FRED HAD BAD LUCK, THAT'S ALL!

THERE'S POP NOW, SUE... THAT OLD BOY SURROUNDED BY REPORTERS!



I ALWAYS KNEW BERT HAD AN EYE FOR A PRETTY GIRL, BUT HE MUST'VE HAD BOTH EYES OPEN WHEN HE HOOKED YOU, MA'AM!

HONEY, HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? LMM...



DON'T WORRY, POP... THAT EYE OF BERT'S NEVER SLEEPS WHEN A PRETTY GAL WALKS BY!



I'LL GLESS  
THAT EYE ONE  
OF THESE  
DAYS... WITH  
A SKILLET!

OUCH! POP,  
HOW'D THAT  
ACCIDENT  
HAPPEN?

IT WAS NO  
ACCIDENT!  
IT WAS  
**MURDER!**

THAT'S SPEED SORGIN, THE DIRTI-  
EST OPERATOR IN THE GAME.  
SPEED WOULD STOP AT NOTHIN'  
TO WIN. JUST LOOK AT HIM LAUGH!

I HEAR YER  
RACE AGAIN  
TOMORROW, POP.  
A GUY WITH  
THIRTY YEARS  
BAD LUCK GOT  
A CHANCE FOR  
NOTHIN' BUT  
**CRACK UPS!**  
HEH-HEH!

WHAT A  
CREEP HE  
IS! I  
WONDER...

UH-UH! SORGIN  
COULDN'T KILL  
TUMAY OR DAM-  
AGE POP'S CAR  
BY **REMOTE  
CONTROL.**

I AIN'T NO  
DETECTIVE, BERT.  
BUT I'M SURE  
SORGIN HAD  
SOMETHIN' TO  
DO WITH IT.

**THE NEXT DAY... AT  
FAMOUS SPEEDWAYS...**

PSST, BERT... THAT'S  
"CASH" HIRES, THE  
DIRTIEST BOOKIE  
FROM HIALEAH TO  
SANTA ANITA. HE'S  
GIVING THE LONGEST  
ODDS THAT POP DOESN'T  
WIN!

LET'S SEE  
WHAT MAKES  
HIM SO  
**SURE?**

Pop Jorge

HOW COME  
YOU'RE GIVING  
10 TO 1 ODDS  
AGAINST POP  
JORGES WHEN  
THE OFFICIAL  
QUOTATION IS  
ONLY 4  
TO 1?

MAYBE HE HAS IT  
**FIXED** SO HE  
**CAN'T** LOSE.  
HUH, CASH?

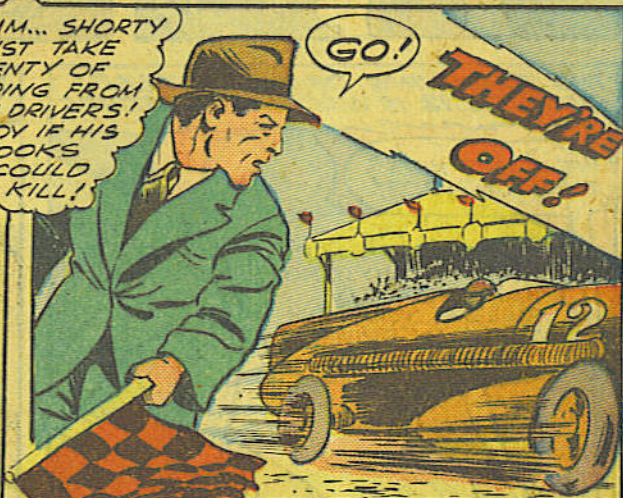
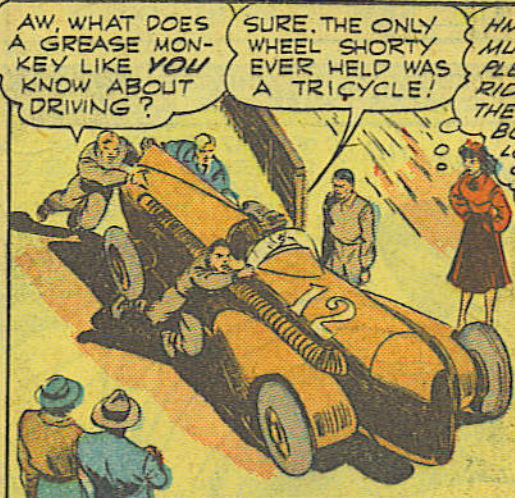
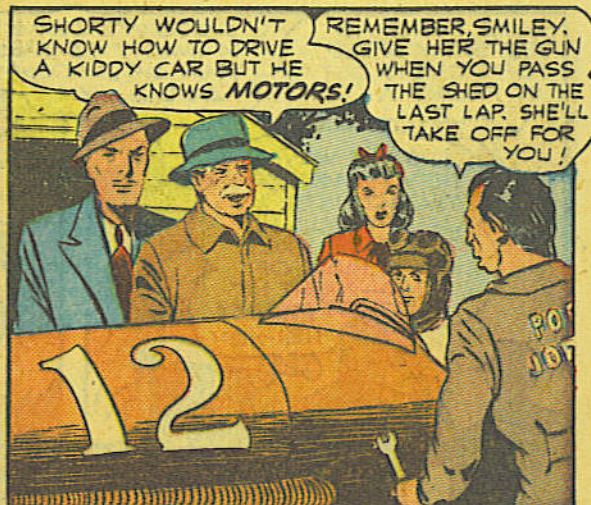
LADY LUCK DOES  
ALL THE FIXIN'  
FOR ME, BABY!

BETTIN' AGAINST POP AIN'T  
A GAMBLE, IT'S A **SURE  
THING!** HOW MANY MILLIONS  
SHALL I PUT YOU DOWN FOR,  
BUDDY?

I ONLY CARRY  
SMALL CHANGE!  
BUT IF YOU  
TRY TO RIG  
THIS RACE  
AGAINST POP  
YOU'LL WIND UP  
WITH A MILLION  
YEARS IN JAIL!

LET'S GO, BERT.  
THIS ISN'T MY  
SLUMMING  
DAY!







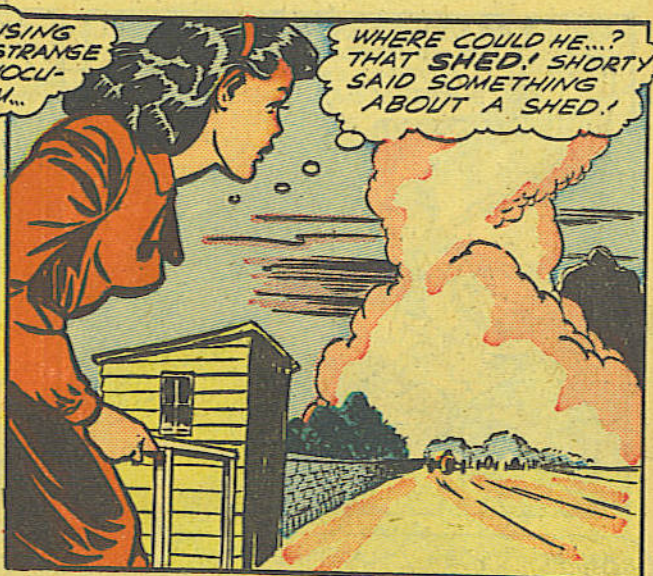


SAME THING AS YESTERDAY, SPEED. POP'S CAR IS OUT IN FRONT A MILE.

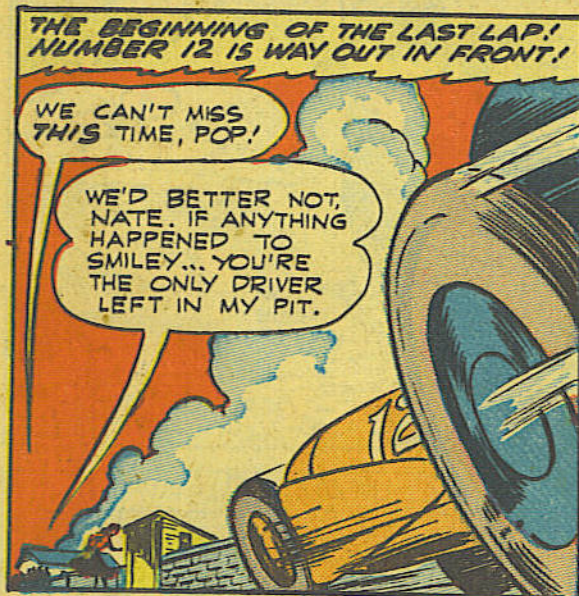
IT'S THE WAY THEY WIND UP THAT COUNTS. MY JALOPY WILL HIT THE TAPE WHILE POP'S HUNK OF JUNK — MIGHT HIT ANOTHER WALL!

HEH-HEH!

SORGIN'S USING A MIGHTY STRANGE PAIR OF BINOCULARS... HMM...



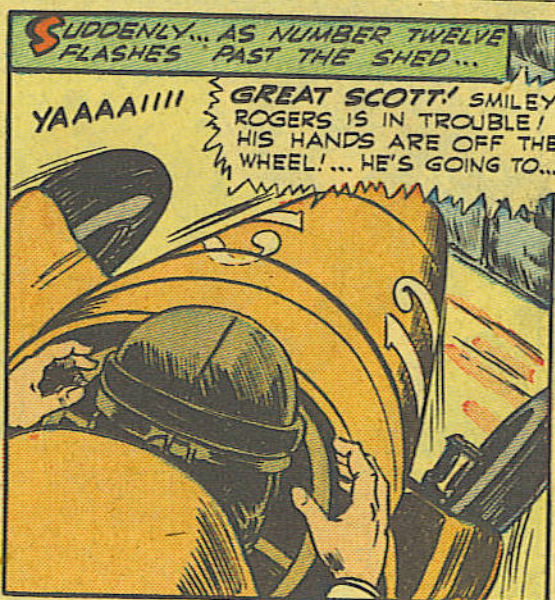
WHERE COULD HE...? THAT SHED! SHORTY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A SHED!



THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST LAP! NUMBER 12 IS WAY OUT IN FRONT!

WE CAN'T MISS THIS TIME, POP!

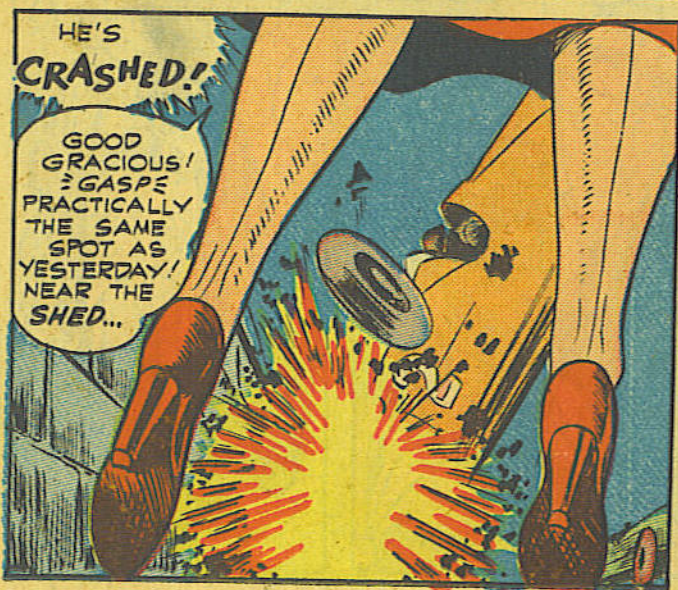
WE'D BETTER NOT, NATE. IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO SMILEY... YOU'RE THE ONLY DRIVER LEFT IN MY PIT.



SUDDENLY... AS NUMBER TWELVE FLASHES PAST THE SHED...

YAAAAAIIII

GREAT SCOTT! SMILEY ROGERS IS IN TROUBLE! HIS HANDS ARE OFF THE WHEEL!... HE'S GOING TO...



HE'S CRASHED!

GOOD GRACIOUS! GASPE PRACTICALLY THE SAME SPOT AS YESTERDAY! NEAR THE SHED...

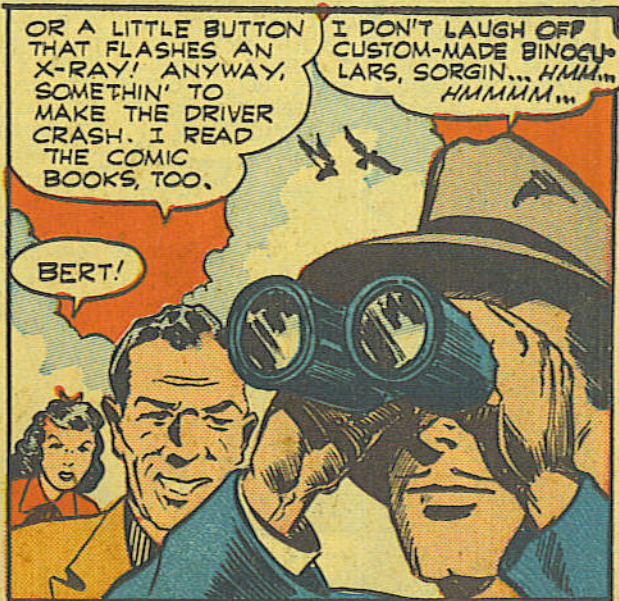


SECONDS LATER... INSIDE THE SHED...

1800 ...  
1900 ...  
TWO GRAND. THAT'S IT, SHORTY!

A TIE-IN AT LAST! CASH HIRES PAYING SHORTY OFF! FOR SERVICES RENDERED...!







WELL, POP?  
WHO'LL BE  
YOUR GREASE-  
MONKEY NOW?

ME! AIN'T NOTHIN'  
ABOUT MOTORS  
I DON'T KNOW.  
NATE WILL HAVE  
A BREEZE-IN  
TOMORROW.

I DON'T  
THINK SO,  
POP. I'M  
NOT GOING  
TO RACE.  
I CAN'T  
AFFORD TO.

I'M MARRIED... WITH TWO KIDS. WHETHER  
IT'S YOUR LUCK OR WHETHER SOME-  
BODY'S MURDERIN' YOUR DRIVERS, I  
AIN'T STICKIN MY NECK OUT TO FIND  
OUT. SORRY, POP!

I CAN'T BLAME YOU, NATE.  
WHOMEVER'S KILLIN' OFF  
MY BOYS WILL GO  
AFTER THE THIRD  
ONE.

MEANING  
ME!

ARE YOU  
NUTS? YOU  
COULDN'T  
WIN A SOAP  
BOX DERBY!

SHE'S JUST A  
NATURAL WORRY.  
WART, POP SEE  
YOU TOMORROW!

DON'T TELL  
ME YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
PUT YOUR  
FINGER ON  
THE KILLER!  
YOU'LL PUT  
YOUR FOOT  
IN THE GRAVE!

I'M GLAD YOU  
DISPLAY SUCH  
**CONFIDENCE**  
IN ME, DEAREST.  
FOR THAT I'LL TAKE  
YOU TO THE MOVIES.  
HMM... WE'LL JUST  
ABOUT MAKE IT!

**A**N HOUR LATER...

JUDGE, THIS  
IS MY WIFE!  
SHE EXPECTS  
TO BE A  
WIDOW  
TOMORROW!

EXPECT?  
I'M LOOKING  
**FORWARD**  
TO IT! HMM...

WE'RE READY  
TO RUN THE  
OFFICIAL  
RACE PIC-  
TURES, BERT!

**A**S THE JUDGE RUNS OFF REEL AFTER REEL...

THAT **SHED'S** GOT  
SOMETHING TO DO  
WITH THE KILLINGS!

THOSE MEN  
SEEM TO  
BE GOING  
THROUGH  
AGONY!  
NOTHING ELSE  
WOULD MAKE  
THEM LET GO  
OF THE WHEEL!

**L**ATER THAT NIGHT...

CAN'T SLEEP EITHER,  
EH, BERT? I'M WOR-  
RIED ABOUT TOMORROW  
... ABOUT... DO YOU  
**HEAR** ME? OR  
ARE YOU STILL  
COUNTING SHEEP?

SHEEP?  
I'M COUNT-  
ING  
**SUSPECTS!**  
FOUR OF  
THEM. ANY  
ONE OF THEM  
MAY BE THE  
KILLER!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

WELL, HONEY, AT LEAST YOU DREW A CAR WITH A LUCKY NUMBER...

SHE'S LUCKY INSIDE, TOO! TIP-TOP! BUT BERT STILL DON'T HAVE TO RACE HER. WINNIN' A RACE AIN'T WORTH LOSIN' A LIFE!

NONSENSE, POP. HAVE YOU GOT A SPARE UNIFORM? I GUESS NATE'S ABOUT MY SIZE!

HERE'S YOUR HELMET.

THANKS, POP. BYE, SUE. SEE YOU IN THE MORGUE. YOU'LL RECOGNIZE ME BY THE PINK TAG ON MY TOE!

DON'T EVEN JOKE ABOUT IT, YOU DOPE!

POP, I MUST GET DOWN TO THE SHED BEFORE THE LAST LAP! I'VE A HUNCH THE SHED HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE CRACK-UPS!

SURE, SUE. I'LL DRIVE YOU THERE!

THEY'RE OFF!  
THEY'RE OFF!

LAP AFTER LAP WHIZZES BY AS BERT BURNS UP THE TRACK! FACES WHIZ BY HIM, TOO! FACES OF MEN WITH MURDER ON THEIR MINDS!

TALK ABOUT HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF! POP JORGENSEN'S CAR NO 11 IS RUNNING AWAY WITH THE RACE AS USUAL!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! GULPE... LAST LAP COMING UP! TH-THAT'S WHERE ALL THE TROUBLE BEGINS!

THERE'S NOTHING HERE, POP... NOTHING THAT COULD HARM BERT!

HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE MAKING THE TURN FOR THE LAST LAP!

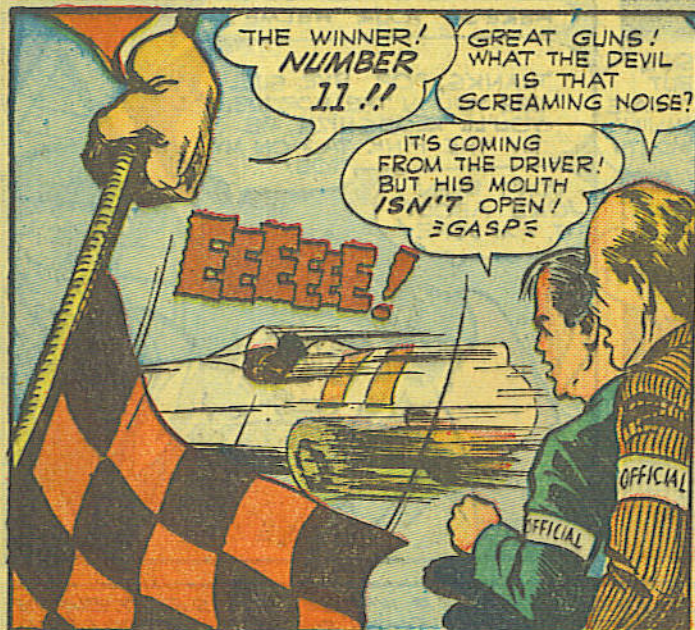
SUDDENLY... AS THE SHED COMES UP... A SHRIEK LIKE A THOUSAND BANSHEES HOWLING AT ONCE!

THAT'S IT! GREAT SCOTT! I MUSTN'T TAKE MY HANDS OFF THE WHEEL... I MUSTN'T!

HE MADE IT! BERT'S GOING ON TO WIN!

GET YOUR HANDS UP AND GET INTO THE CAR OUTSIDE! I MEAN BUSINESS... JUST AS I'VE MEANT IT ALL ALONG!





THE WINNER!  
**NUMBER 11!!**

GREAT GUNS!  
WHAT THE DEVIL  
IS THAT  
SCREAMING NOISE?

IT'S COMING  
FROM THE DRIVER!  
BUT HIS MOUTH  
ISN'T OPEN!  
GASPS

**EEEE!**



LOOK AT IT! THIS HORRIBLE  
SHRIEK SHOCKED TUMAY AND  
ROGERS INTO TAKING THEIR  
HANDS OFF THE WHEEL AT  
100 MILES AN HOUR! POP  
JORGENS KNEW EXACTLY HOW  
LONG IT WOULD TAKE HIS RACER  
TO REACH THE SHED WITH  
THROTTLE OPEN, SO HE SET  
THIS TIME GADGET ACCORDINGLY!

**EEE!**

I SAW THE CRASH MOVIES.  
EACH DRIVER FLUNG HIS  
HANDS TO HIS EARS! I  
REMEMBERED, TOO, THAT  
POP ALWAYS HANDED HIS  
DRIVERS THEIR HELMETS. I  
TOOK NO CHANCES. I  
WORE **EAR PLUGS**.  
THAT'S HOW I STOOD  
THE NOISE!

**B-BERT!  
BERT!**

LOOKS LIKE YOUR  
HUSBAND WILL DRAW  
ALONGSIDE ANY  
MINUTE! WHAT A  
NICE SURPRISE  
HE'LL GET... SIX  
BULLETS WORTH!

BERT DOESN'T  
KNOW HE'S  
GOT A GUN!  
HMM... POP  
TOLD ME  
ABOUT THAT  
SCREAM GADGET!  
HERE GOES!

**YEEOW!**



**YAAAGH!**

**SUE!**

**CRASH!**

**THAT NIGHT...**

I KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
SAY. YOU LOVE  
EVERY BONE IN  
MY HEAD, AND  
BROTHER, THERE'S  
PLENTY OF BONE  
TO LOVE. BUT I  
SAVED YOUR LIFE,  
BOY SCOUT! HE  
HAD A **GUN!**

YOU SURE  
TOOK CARE OF  
IT, BABY. POP'S  
GOT BONES IN  
HIS HEAD, TOO—  
ALL OF 'EM **BROK-  
EN!** FUNNY I NEVER  
SUSPECTED HE WAS  
KILLING HIS OWN  
DRIVERS TO GET  
THE INSURANCE  
HE TOOK OUT  
ON THEM AND  
THE RACES!

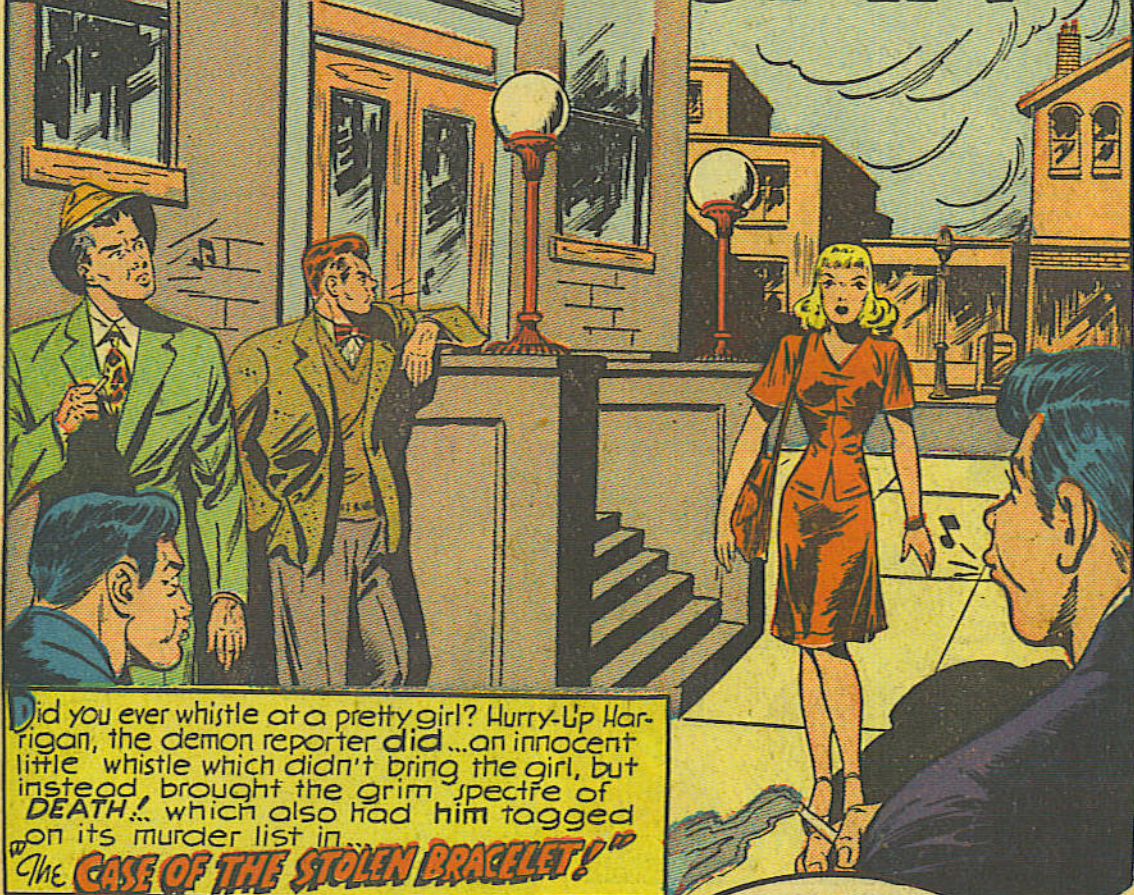
SHORTY USED THE SHED  
SO NOBODY COULD SEE  
HIM GET PAID OFF. SORGIN  
HONESTLY BELIEVED POP  
COULDN'T WIN A RACE—  
THOUGH I DISPROVED  
THAT THEORY! AND  
CASH WAS JUST A  
GAMBLER WHO PLAYED  
HIS HUN... **H-HUH?**

STOP SOLVING CASES!  
SOLVE THIS ONE...  
WHO WANTS TO BE  
KISSED...?  
**ME!**  
MMM.....

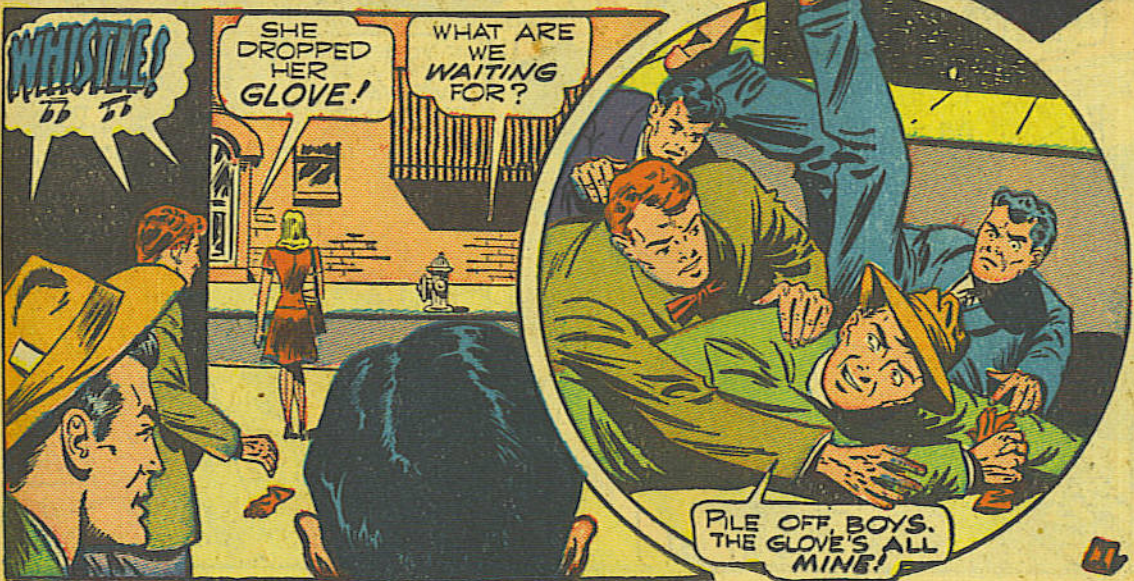




# HURRY-UP HARRIGAN



Did you ever whistle at a pretty girl? Hurry-Up Harrigan, the demon reporter did...an innocent little whistle which didn't bring the girl, but instead, brought the grim spectre of **DEATH!** which also had him tagged on its murder list in...  
**"The CASE OF THE STOLEN BRACELET!"**



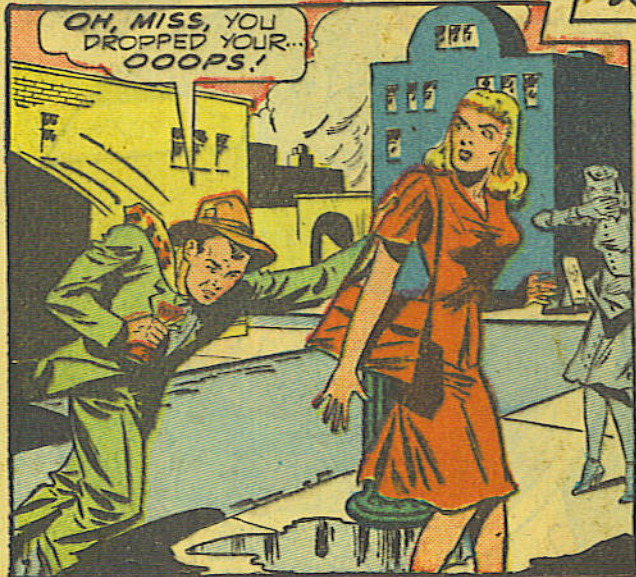
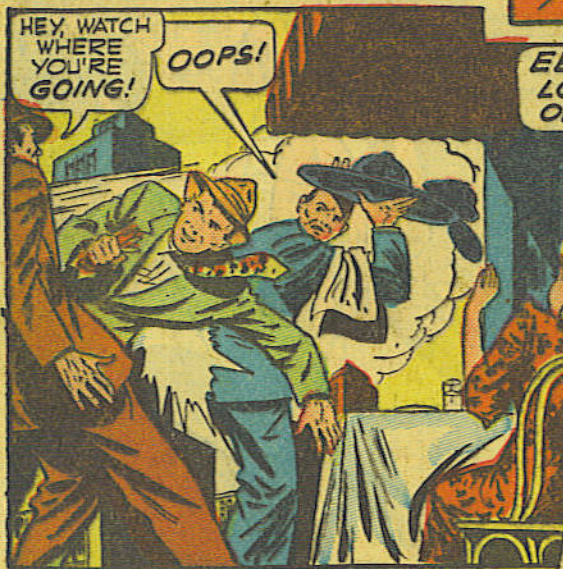
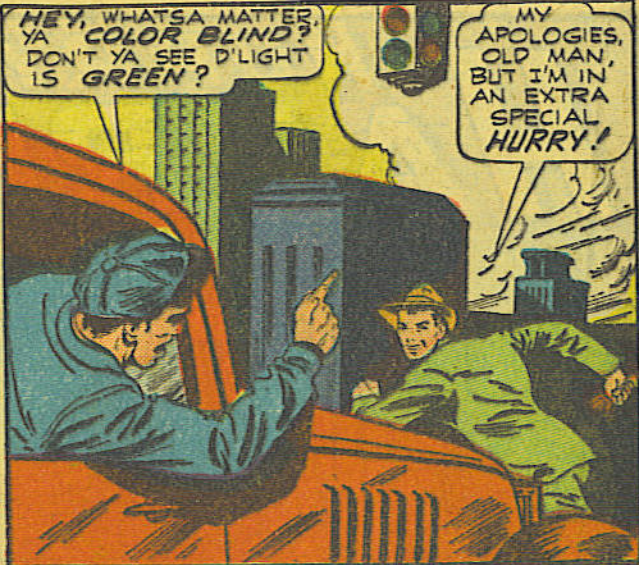
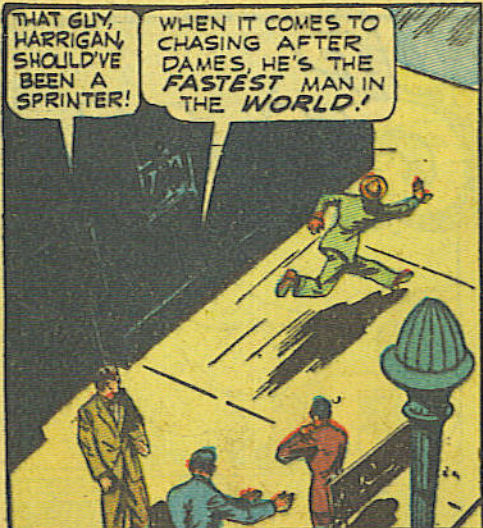
**WHISTLE!**

SHE DROPPED HER GLOVE!

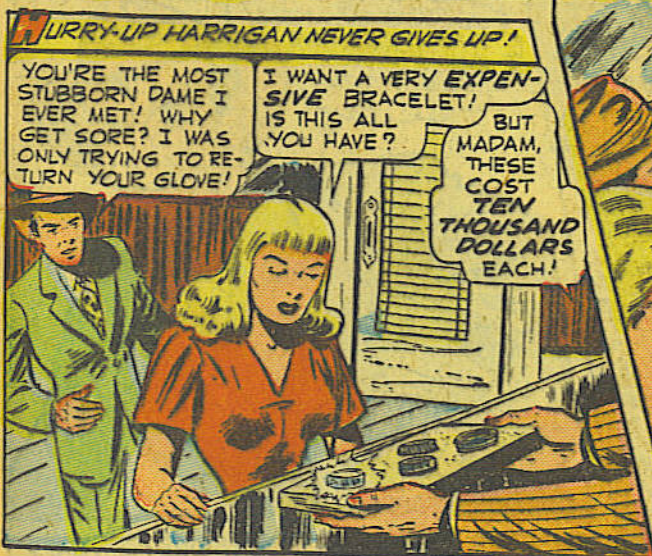
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

PILE OFF BOYS. THE GLOVE'S ALL MINE!

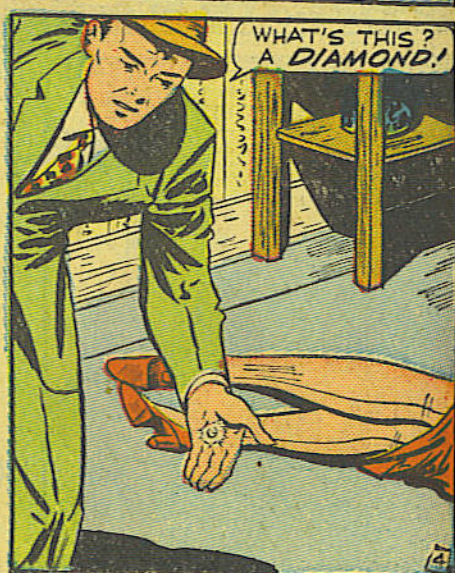
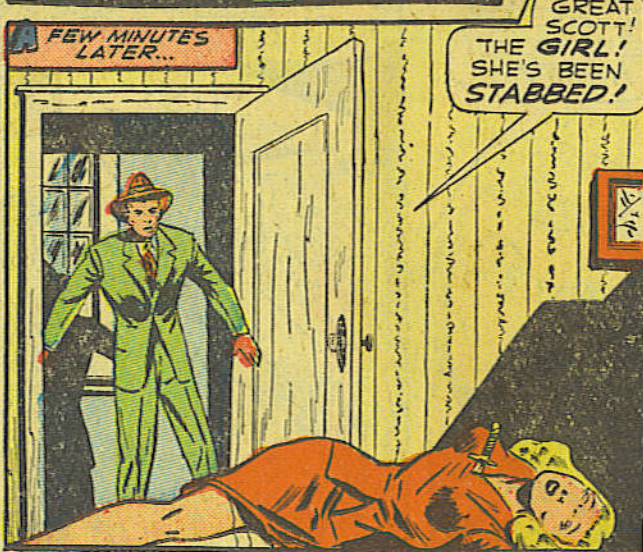














LATER, AT THE POLICE STATION...

TELL YOUR PAPERS THE  
JEWELRY STORE  
THIEF IS AS GOOD AS

CAUGHT!

SERGEANT, THERE'S  
BEEN A JEWELRY  
ROBBERY AND  
MURDER!

HO! HO! SO THERE'S BEEN A  
MURDER! WE GOT THE NEWS ON THAT  
FAKE JEWELRY STORE SHOOTIN' AN  
HOUR AGO. HURRY UP AND GET BORN,  
HARRIGAN! I GOTTA TELL THE  
LIEUTENANT  
THIS ONE!



GIVE UP, HARRIGAN. THAT JEWELRY  
ROBBERY IS ANCIENT HISTORY.  
IF YOU'D SPEND LESS TIME CHAS-  
ING DAMES, MAYBE YOU'D BE  
ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH THE  
NEWS!

SO, YOU  
CHARACTERS  
KNOW ALL  
ABOUT IT,  
EH?



I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! ASK  
THE GUY TO LEAVE THE  
BRACELET AND COME BACK  
IN AN HOUR. TELL HIM YOU  
NEED TO EXAMINE IT!



HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS?  
MIDTOWN JEWELRY APPRAISERS  
CALLING. THERE'S A MAN HERE  
WHO MATCHES THE RADIO DE-  
SCRIPTION OF THE JEWELRY  
STORE THIEF! HE WANTS  
TO SELL A DIAMOND  
BRACELET. CAN  
YOU COME RIGHT  
OVER?

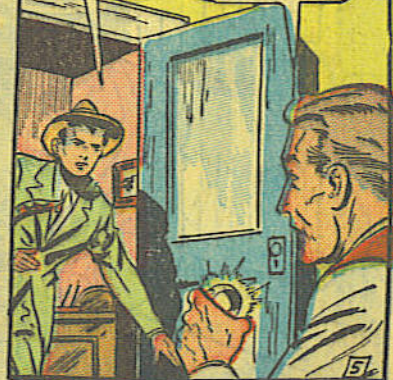


THAT WAS  
YOUR WIFE,  
SARGE!  
SHE WANTS  
YOU HOME  
EARLY!

MY WIFE?  
B-BUT SHE'S  
OUT OF  
TOWN!  
JUMPIN'  
JALOPIES!  
IS SHE  
BACK?

HOWDY! I  
GOT YOUR  
MESSAGE AT  
HEADQUAR-  
TERS!

GLAD TO  
SEE YOU, SIR!  
HERE'S THE  
BRACELET!  
I TOLD HIM  
TO COME BACK  
LATER!









AT THE POLICE STATION...

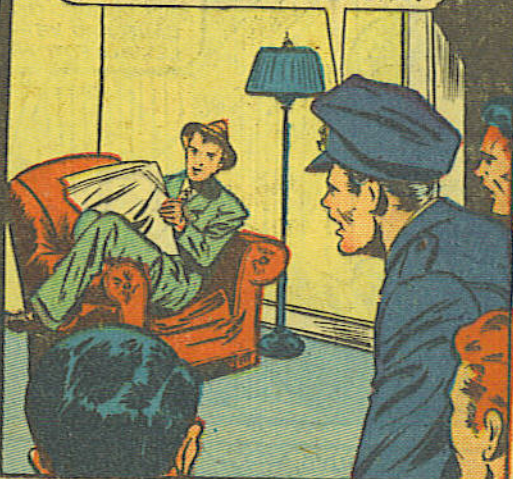
HARRIGAN  
PHONED! HE  
CLAIMS HE JUST  
SOLVED A  
MURDER!

IS THAT GUY  
HAVING  
PIPE DREAMS  
AGAIN?

MAYBE WE  
BETTER HAVE  
A LOOK.  
HARRIGAN'S  
JUST DUMB  
ENOUGH TO  
BE TELLING  
THE TRUTH!



WHAT'S THE CAPER, HARRIGAN?  
IF THIS IS ONE OF YOUR  
CORNY JOKES I'LL HAVE  
YOU THROWN IN THE POKE!



A BODY! IT'S  
A DAME!

AMAZING DEDUCTION!  
YOU'RE GETTING BRIGHT-  
ER EVERY DAY!



HERE'S YOUR KILLER, SARGE! HE'S ALSO  
THE GUY WHO FIRED TWO BLANK SHOTS  
AT HER IN THE JEWELRY STORE THIS MORN-  
ING. HOW DO I KNOW? SIMPLE, GENTLEMEN.



I WAS THERE  
WHEN IT  
HAPPENED!

WHAT?

HUH?



BUT WHY THE  
PHONY SHOOTING  
IN THE STORE?

THE DAME WAS HIS  
PARTNER! SHE  
SNATCHED THE DIAM-  
OND BRACELET  
WHILE WE HAD OUR  
EYES ON HIS GUN. THEN  
SHE GAVE A YELL WHICH  
WAS THE SIGNAL FOR HIM  
TO SHOOT. THE ROUTINE  
WAS PLANNED IN ADVANCE!  
THE BULLETS  
WERE  
BLANK!





THEN WHY DID HE  
KILL THE DAME IN  
HER OWN APARTMENT?

YOU GUYS ARE EVEN DUMBER  
THAN YOU LOOK! THE TWO  
PARTNERS MET HERE AFTER THE  
ROBBERY. THEY HAD AN ARGU-  
MENT OVER THE LOOT. SO THE  
GUY DECIDED TO RUB OUT THE  
DAME AND KEEP THE BRACE-  
LET ALL FOR **HIMSELF!**

BUT WHEN THE KILLER TRIED TO SELL  
THE BRACELET, I HAD THE APPRAISER  
WHO WAS ON THE PHONE TELL HIM IT  
WAS WORTHLESS. THINKING HE GRAB-  
BED THE WRONG PIECE FROM THE  
DAME, HE RETURNED HERE FOR ANOTHER  
LOOK. RELAX, SARGE, YOUR WIFE'S  
STILL OUT OF  
TOWN!

HEY YOU GUYS,  
DON'T WASTE YOUR  
TIME! COME  
BACK HERE!

THE STORY IS ALREADY ON THE STANDS!  
DID YOU DEADBEATS THINK I'D CALL YOU AT  
THE STATION HOUSE BEFORE PHONING THE  
DAILY BLADE? HARRIGAN WASN'T BORN  
YESTERDAY! HERE Y'ARE  
GENTS, READ **ALL**  
**ABOUT IT!**

Daily Blade  
BLADEREPORTER  
CAPTURES KILLER  
AT SCENE OF CRIME  
HARRIGAN ACE REPORTER  
GIVES EXCLUSIVE VERSION

I'LL SEE YOU BEANHEADS LATER.  
CALL ME UP WHEN YOU GET  
FIRED. MAYBE WE CAN USE  
SOME **COPY BOYS**  
AT THE  
**DAILY BLADE!**  
HEH! HEH!



# WHO-DUN-IT?



**AN INSPECTOR KEENE  
MYSTERY!**

**JOSHUA  
JORDAN  
WAS IN  
HIS STUDY  
ONE NIGHT...**



**W**HEN SUDDENLY...



**AAGH!**

**M**OMENTS LATER...



**WHA? ...  
GOOD  
HEAVENS!**



**HELLO?... INSPECTOR  
KEENE? THIS IS  
HIGGINS, THE  
BUTLER AT THE  
JORDAN MANSION!  
MR. JORDAN  
HAS BEEN  
MURDERED!**

**WHAT! ...  
HOLD  
EVERYTHING!  
I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
OVER!**

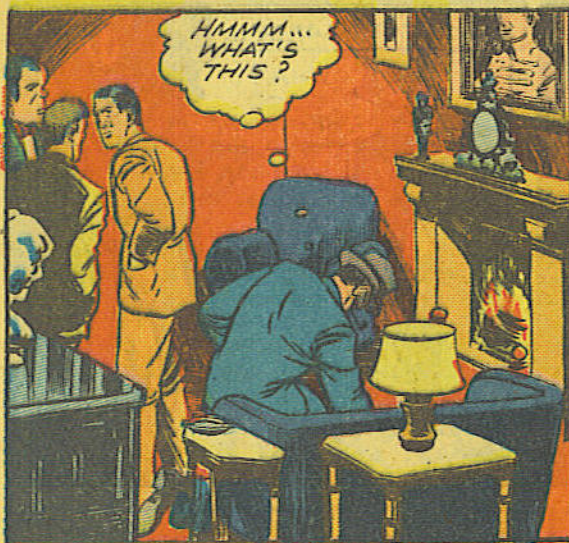


**P**RESENTLY...

**YOU MENTIONED OVER  
THE PHONE THAT MR.  
JORDAN WAS MUR-  
DERED! WHAT  
MADE YOU  
THINK SO,  
HIGGINS?**

**WH-W-WHY,  
I JUST  
ASSUMED...**





THE MURDERER IS  
THE NEPHEW! HE  
KILLED HIS UNCLE  
BECAUSE HE HAD  
ACCUMULATED LARGE  
GAMBLING DEBTS WITH  
LOGAN AND KNEW BY  
ELIMINATING HIS REL-  
ATIVE HE WOULD BE  
THE HEIR TO HIS  
ESTATE. WHEN IN-  
SPECTOR KEENE  
DISCOVERED A MONO-  
CLE NEAR THE BODY  
HE PLACED IT ON A  
TABLE AND ASKED  
THE OTHERS! TO  
READ A BLANK "LETTER"  
THE NEPHEW FROM A  
NATURAL HABIT PICKED  
UP THE MONOCLE FROM  
THE TABLE TO READ  
THE "LETTER", THAT  
CLUE GAVE HIM AWAY!



# MR. RISK

## The GHOST LIGHTHOUSE!

**A** COAST GUARD OFFICE  
IN NEW ENGLAND...

MY FATHER SAYS  
HE CAN'T STAY  
AT CAPE CALAMITY  
...NOT AFTER HE  
FOUND OUT ABOUT  
THE CURSE!

I WAS  
AFRAID OF  
THIS, MR. RISK!  
WE'VE HAD TRE-  
MENDOUS TROUBLE  
GETTING KEEPERS  
TO STAY THERE  
AFTER FOUR  
DEATHS IN A  
ROW!

HOW DID IT  
OCCUR, CAPTAIN?

IN EACH CASE, THE  
DEAD KEEPER WAS  
FOUND AT THE BASE  
OF THE TOWER. THE  
LIGHT WAS OUT JUST  
WHEN WE NEEDED IT  
MOST... AT THE  
HEIGHT OF A  
STORM.

STRANGE. THE  
BAROMETER IS  
FALLING EVERY-  
WHERE... AND  
CAPE CALAMITY  
IS PARTICULARLY  
HARD HIT.

**A**ll who work here  
must die!"... so went  
the mysterious curse  
on Cape Calamity light-  
house. Endless murders  
occurred to prove the pow-  
er of the curse until Mr.  
Risk decided to risk the  
curse himself! Then  
everything began to  
happen and... But you  
better read about  
it yourself!



URGENT MESSAGE, SIR! A SHIP OFF CAPE CALAMITY IS FLOUNDERING WITH NO LIGHT TO KEEP THEM FROM GOING ON THE ROCKS!

G-GOOD GRACIOUS! IF THE LIGHT'S OUT, THEN SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO FATHER!

MEANWHILE, AT CAPE CALAMITY LIGHTHOUSE...

N-NO! NO! YIEEEEE!

AND AS THE CURSE OF CAPE CALAMITY CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM, THE FREIGHTER SIGNALS FRANTICALLY...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE LIGHTHOUSE? WHERE IS THE LIGHT? CAN'T SEE ROCKS IN DARK!

CAPTAIN, LOOK! THERE'S THE LIGHT! NOW WE CAN GET OUR BEARINGS!

THE LIGHT APPEARS TO BE MOVING! CAN IT BE MY IMAGINATION?

WE'RE GOING ON THE ROCKS! SEND AN S.O.S.! MAN THE LIFEBOATS...

CRASHH!

CAPTAIN—THE S.S. DORSAL CRACKED IN TWO ON CAPE CALAMITY ROCKS! THEY'RE ABANDONING SHIP! THEY REPORTED A MOVING BEAM MISGUIDED THEM!

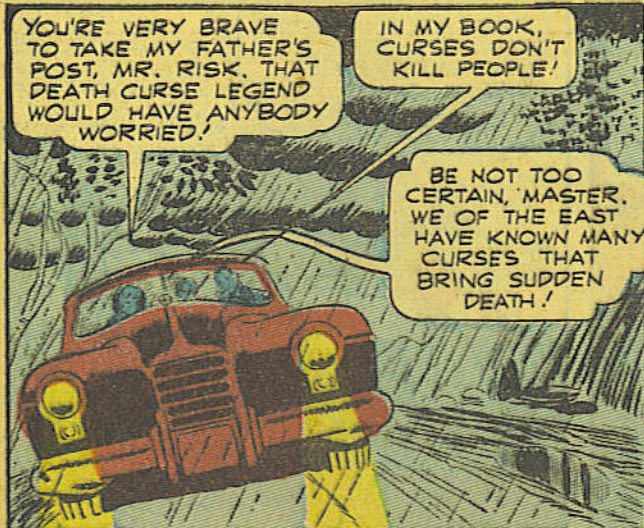
A MOVING BEAM? IMPOSSIBLE!

—AN IMPOSSIBILITY I INTEND TO LOOK INTO, CAPTAIN!

THE WHOLE CASE IS A COLLECTION OF IMPOSSIBILITIES, CAPTAIN. WITH YOUR PERMISSION I WANT TO TAKE OVER THE LIGHTHOUSE FROM SALLY'S FATHER AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERIOUS DEATH CURSE!

I'D BEEN HOPING FOR THAT, MR. RISK! YOU'RE EXACTLY THE TROUBLE-SHOOTER WE NEED!



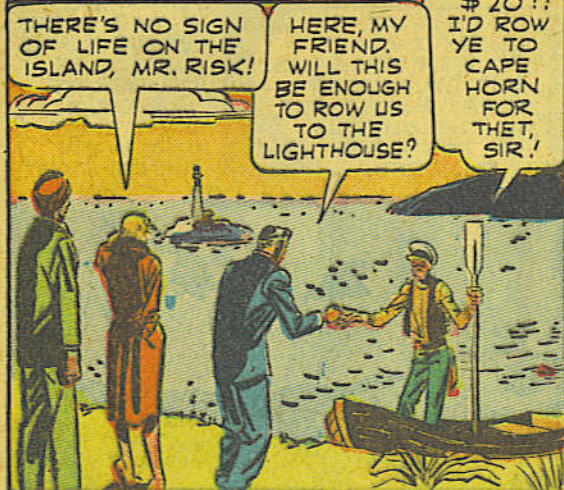


IN MY BOOK, CURSES DON'T KILL PEOPLE!

BE NOT TOO CERTAIN, MASTER. WE OF THE EAST HAVE KNOWN MANY CURSES THAT BRING SUDDEN DEATH!



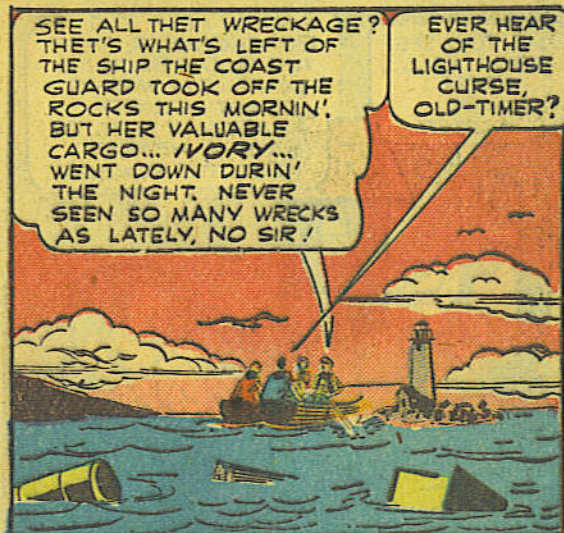
**H**OURS LATER, AT DAWN...



THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE ON THE ISLAND, MR. RISK!

HERE, MY FRIEND. WILL THIS BE ENOUGH TO ROW US TO THE LIGHTHOUSE?

\$20?! I'D ROW YE TO CAPE HORN FOR THET, SIR!



SEE ALL THET WRECKAGE? THET'S WHAT'S LEFT OF THE SHIP THE COAST GUARD TOOK OFF THE ROCKS THIS MORNIN'. BUT HER VALUABLE CARGO... **IVORY**... WENT DOWN DURIN' THE NIGHT. NEVER SEEN SO MANY WRECKS AS LATELY, NO SIR!

EVER HEAR OF THE LIGHTHOUSE CURSE, OLD-TIMER?



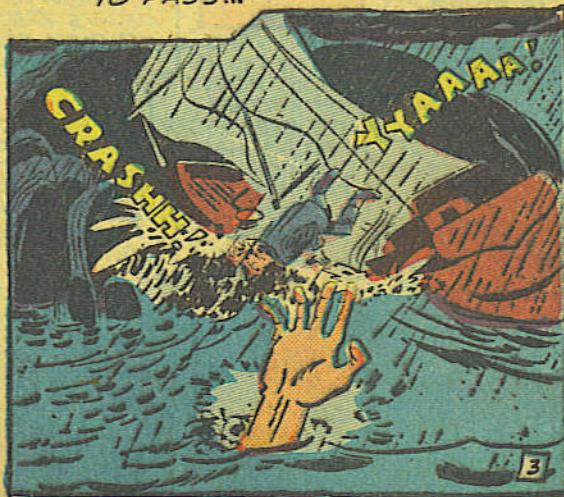
"WHO AIN'T IN THESE PARTS? QUITE A PIECE BACK, A KEEPER DIDN'T WANT HIS DAUGHTER TO MARRY A YOUNG FISHERMAN, SO HE REFUSED TO TURN ON THE LIGHT WHEN THE LAD'S VESSEL WAS HEADIN' FOR THE ROCKS...!"

"WHAT THE KEEPER WANTED CAME TO PASS..."

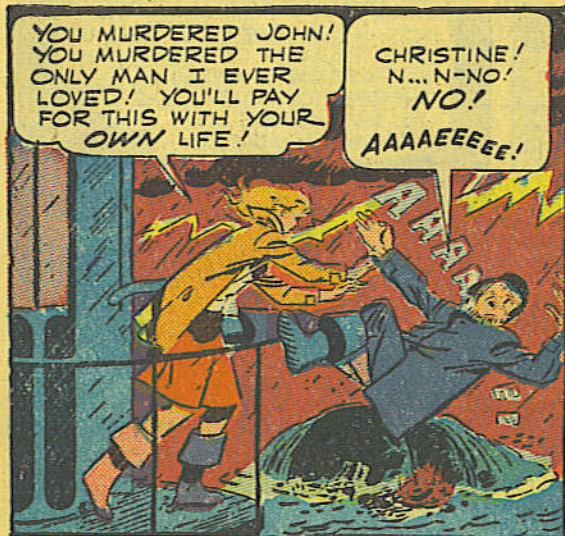


THAT'S WHAT I WANT!

Y-YOU'VE GOT TO TURN THE BEAM ON, FATHER! HE'LL DIE!

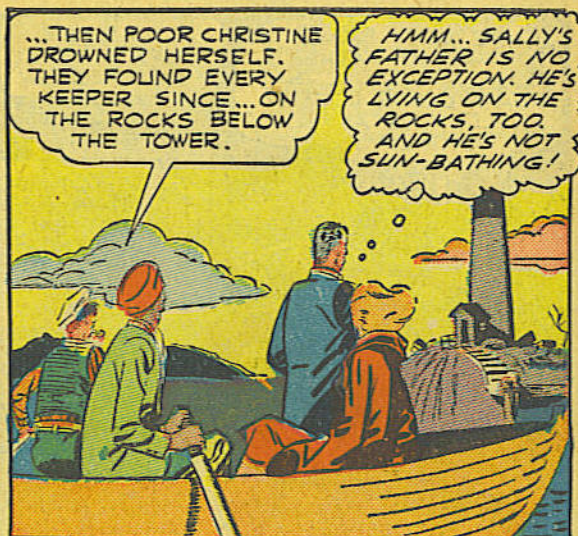






YOU MURDERED JOHN!  
YOU MURDERED THE  
ONLY MAN I EVER  
LOVED! YOU'LL PAY  
FOR THIS WITH YOUR  
OWN LIFE!

CHRISTINE!  
N...N-NO!  
NO!  
AAAAEEEEEE!



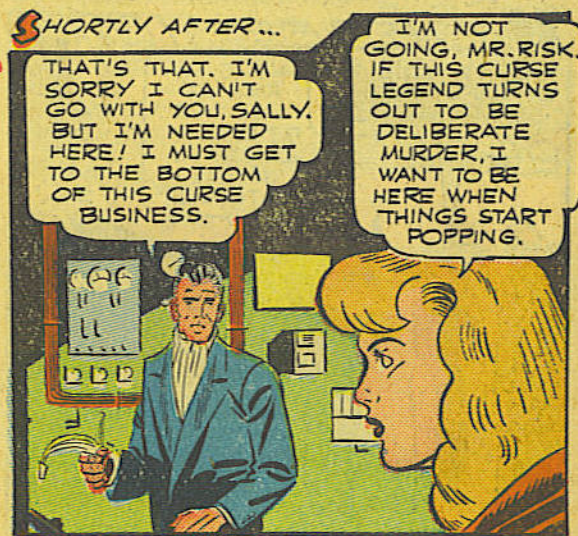
...THEN POOR CHRISTINE  
DROWNED HERSELF.  
THEY FOUND EVERY  
KEEPER SINCE...ON  
THE ROCKS BELOW  
THE TOWER.

HMM... SALLY'S  
FATHER IS NO  
EXCEPTION. HE'S  
LYING ON THE  
ROCKS, TOO.  
AND HE'S NOT  
SUN-BATHING!



HE, TOO, DIE  
FROM FALL...  
FROM  
TOWER,  
MASTER.

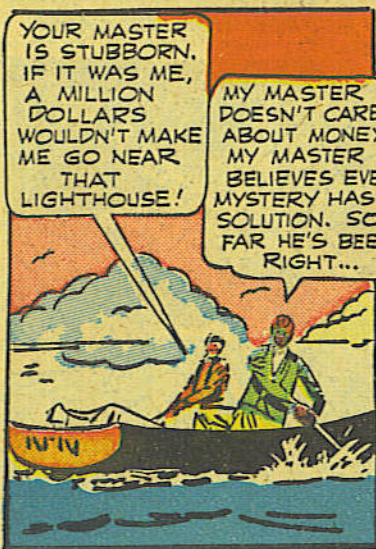
ABDUL, HELP THE  
BEACHCOMBER TAKE  
THE BODY BACK TO  
LAND. I'M WIRING  
COAST GUARD  
HEADQUARTERS TO  
HAVE A HEARSE  
MEET THE ROWBOAT.



SHORTLY AFTER...

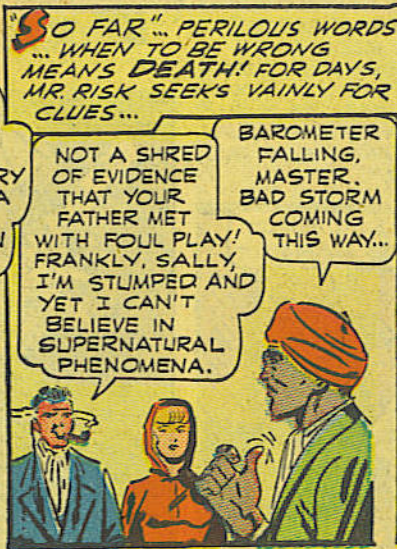
THAT'S THAT. I'M  
SORRY I CAN'T  
GO WITH YOU, SALLY.  
BUT I'M NEEDED  
HERE! I MUST GET  
TO THE BOTTOM  
OF THIS CURSE  
BUSINESS.

I'M NOT  
GOING, MR. RISK.  
IF THIS CURSE  
LEGEND TURNS  
OUT TO BE  
DELIBERATE  
MURDER, I  
WANT TO BE  
HERE WHEN  
THINGS START  
POPPING.



YOUR MASTER  
IS STUBBORN.  
IF IT WAS ME,  
A MILLION  
DOLLARS  
WOULDN'T MAKE  
ME GO NEAR  
THAT  
LIGHTHOUSE!

MY MASTER  
DOESN'T CARE  
ABOUT MONEY.  
MY MASTER  
BELIEVES EVERY  
MYSTERY HAS A  
SOLUTION. SO  
FAR HE'S BEEN  
RIGHT...



SO FAR... PERILOUS WORDS  
... WHEN TO BE WRONG  
MEANS DEATH! FOR DAYS,  
MR. RISK SEEKS VAINLY FOR  
CLUES...

NOT A SHRED  
OF EVIDENCE  
THAT YOUR  
FATHER MET  
WITH FOUL PLAY!  
FRANKLY, SALLY,  
I'M STUMPED AND  
YET I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IN  
SUPERNATURAL  
PHENOMENA.

BAROMETER  
FALLING,  
MASTER.  
BAD STORM  
COMING  
THIS WAY...



STORM WEATHER  
GENERALLY ENDS  
UP IN DEATH  
AND SHIPWRECK.  
WE'LL SEE IF  
THE CURSE  
WORKS FOR  
US... IS THERE  
OIL IN THE  
LAMP, ABDUL?

NOT SURE,  
MASTER...  
I LOOK!



HMM... LOOKS LIKE THE PIPELINE ISN'T WORKING RIGHT. NOT NEARLY ENOUGH OIL HERE!

I'LL RUN DOWN TO THE OIL ROOM AND CHECK THE PUMP.

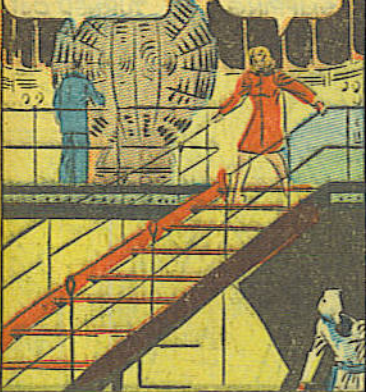
HOW'S SHE WORKING NOW?

QUIET NOW ... WE DON'T WANT HER SQUALLIN'!

FINE! THE BEAM IS SHINING IN ALL ITS GLORY! COME ON UP, SALLY.

MMPHHHH!

PERFECT! NOW GET THOSE TWO UPSTAIRS!



IS THAT YOU, SALLY? IT SURE TOOK YOU A LONG TIME ...

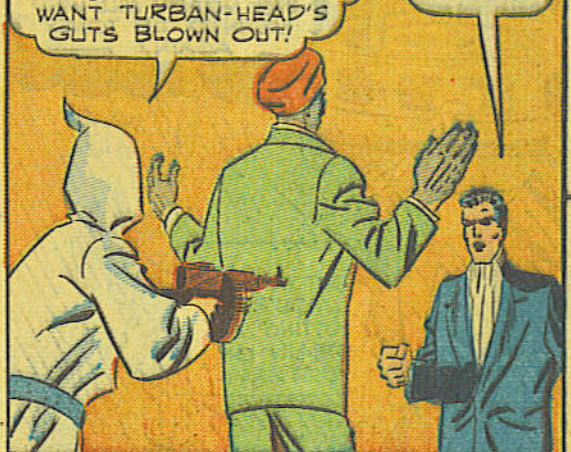
YOU'LL GET DOWNSTAIRS A LOT FASTER RISK!

M-MASTER! IT'S...



I WOULDN'T TRY NOTHIN' IF I WAS YOU, MR. RISK ... NOT IF YOU DON'T WANT TURBAN-HEAD'S GUTS BLOWN OUT!

WHAT'S YOUR GAME, RATS?

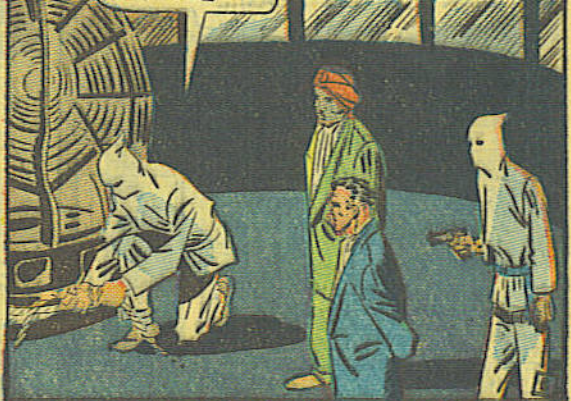


DIDJA HEAR WHAT HE CALLED US, BOSS? GIVE IT TO MR. BIG-MOUTH RIGHT NOW!

AND DESTROY THE LEGEND WE'VE BUILT UP SO CONSCIENTIOUSLY? NO FOOL. THE CURSE DEMANDS THAT THE KEEPERS DIE ON THE ROCKS...



MR. RISK WAS CURIOUS. HE WANTED TO KNOW WHAT OUR GAME WAS. WELL, OUR GAME IS **DEATH**, MR. RISK! WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU AND YOUR FAITHFUL SERVANT HANG FOR A WHILE ...





"HANG TILL THE TORTURE OF HOLDING ON IS UN-BEARABLE. WE'LL COME BACK LATER TO REMOVE YOUR BONDS... AFTER YOU'RE DEAD ON THE ROCKS OF COURSE! HEH-HEH! LET'S GO, BOYS. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO! REMEMBER TO DOUSE THE LIGHTS!"

THEY TAKE MISS SALLY FOR HOSTAGE, MASTER.

I KNOW. HEAVEN'S KNOWS WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO SALLY OR THE SHIPS AT SEA IF WE FALL AND THAT LIGHT REMAINS OUT!

GROAN... C-CAN'T HOLD ON M-MUCH LONGER, MASTER... M-MY FINGERS ARE SLIPPING...

YOU'VE GOT TO HOLD ON, ABDUL! WAIT... I HEAR SOMETHING! THEY TURNED OUT THE BULBS BUT THEY FORGOT TO STOP THE LAMP FROM REVOLVING.

M-MR. RISK! HELP! HELP!

IF I CAN GET THE ROPE TO CATCH ON TO THE LAMP, THE REVOLVING MOTION WILL WIND ME INTO THE TOWER AGAIN!

BUT MASTER, ...YOU'RE PUTTING A STRAIN ON YOUR ARM...!

SHE'S CAUGHT ON, ABDUL! I CAN FEEL THE TUG AS SHE WINDS UP!

H-HOLD ON, ABDUL! I'M ALMOST INSIDE NOW...

**MINUTES LATER...**

NOT A SECOND TOO SOON, ABDUL. NOT ONLY FOR US... BUT FOR THAT SHIP HEADING FOR THE ROCKS! WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME TO TURN ON THE BEAM...

LOOK! THE LIGHT'S ON! THEY MUST'VE GOT FREE! WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT 'EM, BOSS?

GET INTO THE TOWER AND SEND RISK A BLINKER SIGNAL WARNING HIM WE'LL KILL THE GIRL IF HE DOESN'T DOUSE THE LIGHT!



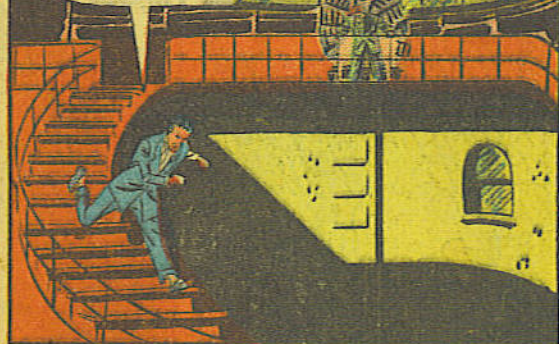
WHAT WE DO, MASTER? TURN OUT LIGHT AND SAVE GIRL OR LEAVE LIGHT ON AND SAVE SHIP?

IF I CAN RESCUE SALLY BEFORE THAT FREIGHTER REACHES THE ROCKS, YOU CAN SNAP ON THE BEAM WHEN YOU GET AN ALL-CLAR SIGNAL FROM ME...



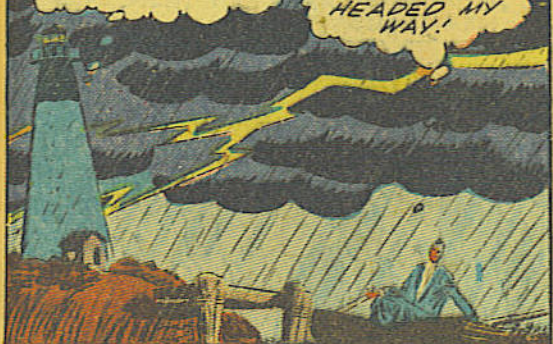
SOMEWHERE AT SEA IS A GHOST LIGHTHOUSE... INHABITED BY THE SAME "GHOSTS" WHO KIDNAPPED SALLY! JUST KEEP ALERT FOR SIGNALS, ABDUL!

BUT, MASTER, YOU ARE ONE AGAINST MANY...

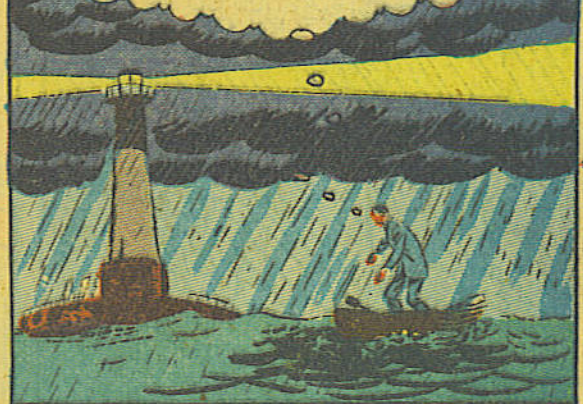


SURELY I SHALL NEVER SEE MY MASTER ALIVE AGAIN! HOW CAN HE SURVIVE THE SEAS OR THOSE MEN ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS?

THE SAILOR WHO SAID HE SAW A MOVING LIGHTHOUSE KNEW HIS ONIONS! THE DARN THING'S HEADED MY WAY!

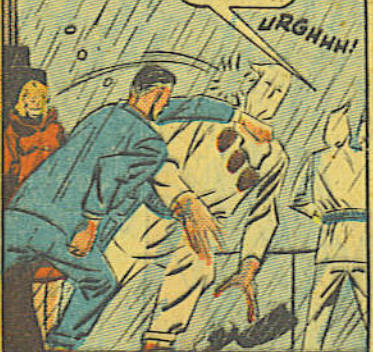


IT'S A FLOATING ISLAND WITH A LIGHTHOUSE ON TOP! DELIBERATELY MOVING SO THAT THE FREIGHTER WILL HIT THE ROCKS!... WELL, I'LL FIX THAT!



THESE HAND GRENADES HE HAS WILL COME IN HANDY...

THERE SHE GOES..... STRAIGHT FOR THE REEFS! ANOTHER VALUABLE CARGO DUMPED IN OUR LAPS!



RAISE 'EM! I'VE GOT NO LEGEND TO PRESERVE, PAL, SO I DON'T MIND USING GUNS ON YOU!

RISK!... QUICK! DOWN THE HATCH! HE'LL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE IN THESE HEAVY SEAS IF WE SUBMERGE!



IT'S A SUBMARINE! WE'LL BE DROWNED!

NO, SALLY... NOT AS LONG AS THESE HAND GRENADES CAN HELP US!...





